

DARING

10¢

MYSTERY COMICS

JANUARY

A THRILLING ADVENTURE OF
THE FIERY MASK
Man of Mystery and Action



MONAKO | **JOHN STEELE—SOLDIER OF FORTUNE** | **DOC DOYLE**
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THE FIERY MASK

CHAPTER I
A COMPLETE STORY
THE FANTASTIC THRILLER
OF THE
WALKING CORPSES

By
JOE
SIMON



THE RAY!!
THE MASTER
COMMANDS!!

THAT FANTASTIC
GREEN LIGHT!!
WHERE IS IT
COMING
FROM?

LOOK OUT!
HE'S COMING
TO LIFE!!

JACK CASTLE, A YOUNG
PHYSICIAN, IS CALLED
TO THE OFFICE OF
POLICE CAPTAIN BENSON
TO ANALYZE A STRANGE
CASE WHEN —



YOU WILL DO... THE
MASTER SHALL HAVE
YOU TOO!!

THAT LIGHT —
IT PARALYZES
ME!



TAKE THAT! YOU POOR
DEVIL!! YOU'LL BE
BETTER OFF
DEAD!!





THE DOCTOR —
HE WILL BE
ANGRY — LOOK OUT
FOR THE RAY!!
I — I AM GLAD!
GLAD —
GLAD

HE'S DONE
FOR



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT,
CAPTAIN. HE DIDN'T
HAVE SLEEPING SICKNESS
OR ANY DISEASE KNOWN
TO SCIENCE — YET. HE
JUST KEPT STANDING
AND STARING AS IF HE
WERE NOT ALIVE. THAT
FACE
SO
GREEN!!

THAT'S WHY I
CALLED YOU,
DOCTOR. THIS
IS NO ORDINARY
CASE. THE MAN WAS
PETER JOHNSON,
A HARMLESS
TRAMP
UNTIL HE
DISAPPEARED
LAST
YEAR!



I MUST HAVE YOUR HELP ON
THIS CASE... THE MAN
COMMITTED A CRIME —
MURDER! BUT IT SEEMS
THERE IS SOME EVIL FORCE
BACK OF IT ALL — SOME MAN

AND THESE
EIGHT PERSONS
MISSING
MAYBE THEY
TIE IN
I'LL TAKE
THE CASE!

MADE
DISEASE —
OF THE
MIND,
PERHAPS



WHO? SANTINO?
AIN'T SEEN 'IM
IN A MONTH
SEVEN!!
TWO BUCKS
OPEN...



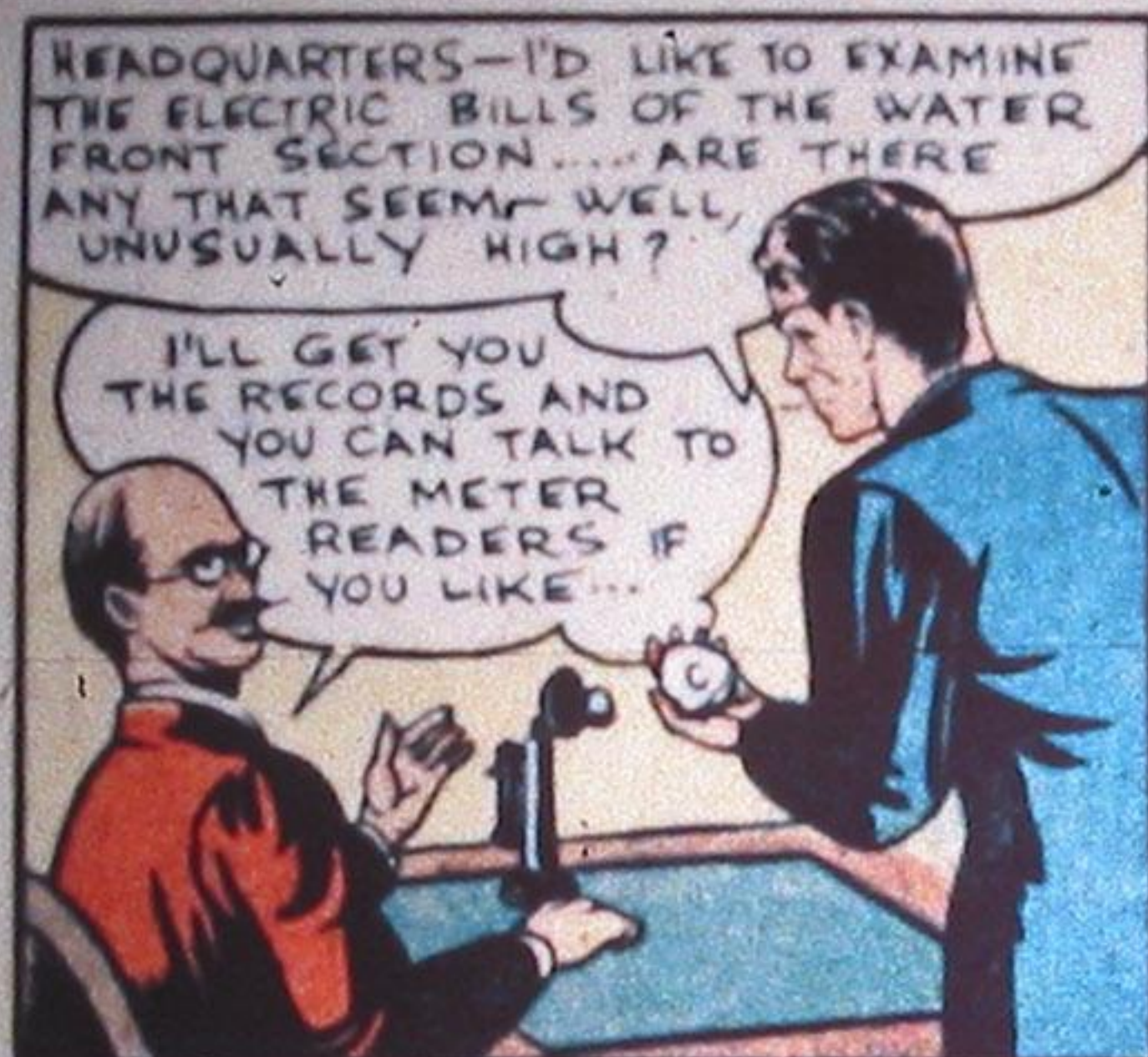
I'VE A
HUNCH THAT
THE MISSING
PERSONS WILL
LEAD TO THE
SOLUTION...
I HAVE A LIST
OF THEIR
HANGOUTS
THEY WERE
MOSTLY ALL
Bums



NAW —
HE AIN'T BEEN
IN FOR WEEKS!
OWES ME SIX
BITS, TOO...



GOLLY, I'M
UP A TREE...
SA — AAY —
I'VE GOT AN
IDEA!!



JACK IS LED THROUGH A FAKE PANEL IN THE KITCHEN, DOWN A MAZE OF WINDING STAIRWAYS, PAST ROWS OF LIFE-LIKE BODIES THAT SEEM TO TWITCH NOW AND THEN.. DOWN — DOWN — DOWN

THIS BEAUTIFUL GIRL ... SHE IS ALMOST DEAD LIKE THE OTHERS ... BUT WHY IS SHE IN CHAINS?

THE GIRL IS A NEW EXPERIMENT ... SHE MUST UNDERGO MORE TREATMENTS THAN THE OTHERS ... HER WILL POWER IS HARDER TO BREAK DOWN

BUT ENOUGH OF YOUR USELESS QUESTIONS. WE HAVE LOST A PATIENT AND THE DOCTOR WILL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU!!

I SEE ... SO THE DOC EMPLOYS THE POWERS OF HYPNOTISM. I'M ANXIOUS TO SEE THESE EXPERIMENTS.



AS HE PASSES THE GIRL, JACK IS TOUCHED BY A HALF WARNING, HALF APPEALING LOOK IN HER EYES.



GAD! BUZZARDS!!

'NO— OUR OWN BREED— THEY TAKE CARE OF THE USELESS ONES— COME QUICKLY!!



THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I HAD TO FIGHT MY WAY INTO A TRAP!

THEY DESCEND INTO A LOWER CHAMBER WHERE A GREAT FLOCK OF GIANT
④ CREATURES SOAR UP!



MASTER!
MASTER!
I BRING A PATIENT
TO REPLACE
PETER!

THEY FINALLY HALT AT THE ENTRANCE TO
A FANTASTIC LOOKING LABORATORY...



METER READER?
THIS MAN IS NO
READER!

I DON'T FEEL
LIKE ANYTHING
MUCH
NOW!



YOU CAME TO KILL ME,
DIDN'T YOU?!

IF
NECESSARY



FOOL!
THIS MAN-
HE IS
POLICE!

IT-
IT'S
INCREDIBLE!
THE SIZE!



IDIOT! YOU
SHALL BECOME A
PATIENT! YOU
HAVE COME
ALONE... THAT
WAS A
MISTAKE!



YOU ARE
FORTUNATE
YOU SHALL
BE ONE
OF MY
LIVING
CORPSES!

JACK IS STRAPPED TO AN OPERATING
TABLE UNDERNEATH ALL KINDS OF
QUEERLY SHAPED TUBES, BULBS AND WIRES.

UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE LIGHT,
YOU WILL BE SENT OUT TO DO MY
MISSIONS... YOU WILL KILL THOSE WHO
GET IN MY WAY
AND HELP MAKE
ME CONQUEROR
OF THE
WORLD!



YOU'VE GOT ME
WRONG, PROFESSOR.
I'M NOT A COP... I
AM A DOCTOR,
INTERESTED IN
YOUR EXPERIMENTS



DOCTOR! HAH! I AM THOUSANDS
OF YEARS AHEAD OF YOUR
DOCTORS... I HAVE CAPTURED THE
ELEMENTS — THE WIND...
THE STORM...
THE LIGHTNING.



MY GROTESQUE
SIZE MADE ME
ASHAMED TO GO OUT
IN THE DAYLIGHT !!
FOR FIFTY YEARS I HAVE
MADE MY OWN
SUNSHINE! — AND
DARKNESS TOO...
I MAKE DEATH
LIVE !!!



NOW! WHAT HAVE
YOU TO SAY BEFORE
YOU BECOME MY
FORTUNATE
PATIENT?



ROSES ARE
RED - VIOLETS ARE
BLUE... I THINK
YOU'RE SCREWY...
SHO 'NUFF...



HAH! YOU MAKE
FUN —
WE SHALL
SEE!!

THE ENRAGED
DOCTOR PULLS A
SERIES OF SWITCHES.
THE STRANGE TUBES
AND BULBS COME TO
LIFE... CRACKLING,
SPUTTERING....
A BRIGHT GREEN
RAY BEATS DOWN ON
JACK UNMERCIFULLY.
HE SEEMS TO FEEL
SLEEPY, BUT MUSTERS
ALL HIS WILL POWER
TO STAY AWAKE...

SORRY TO DISSAPPOINT
YOU, DOC, BUT IT'S
NOT GOING TO
WORK THIS TIME.

YOU ARE
MAD!
IT ALWAYS
WORKS...



WHY!?

WHY YOU DO NOT
SLEEP LIKE
THE OTHERS?
WHY!?

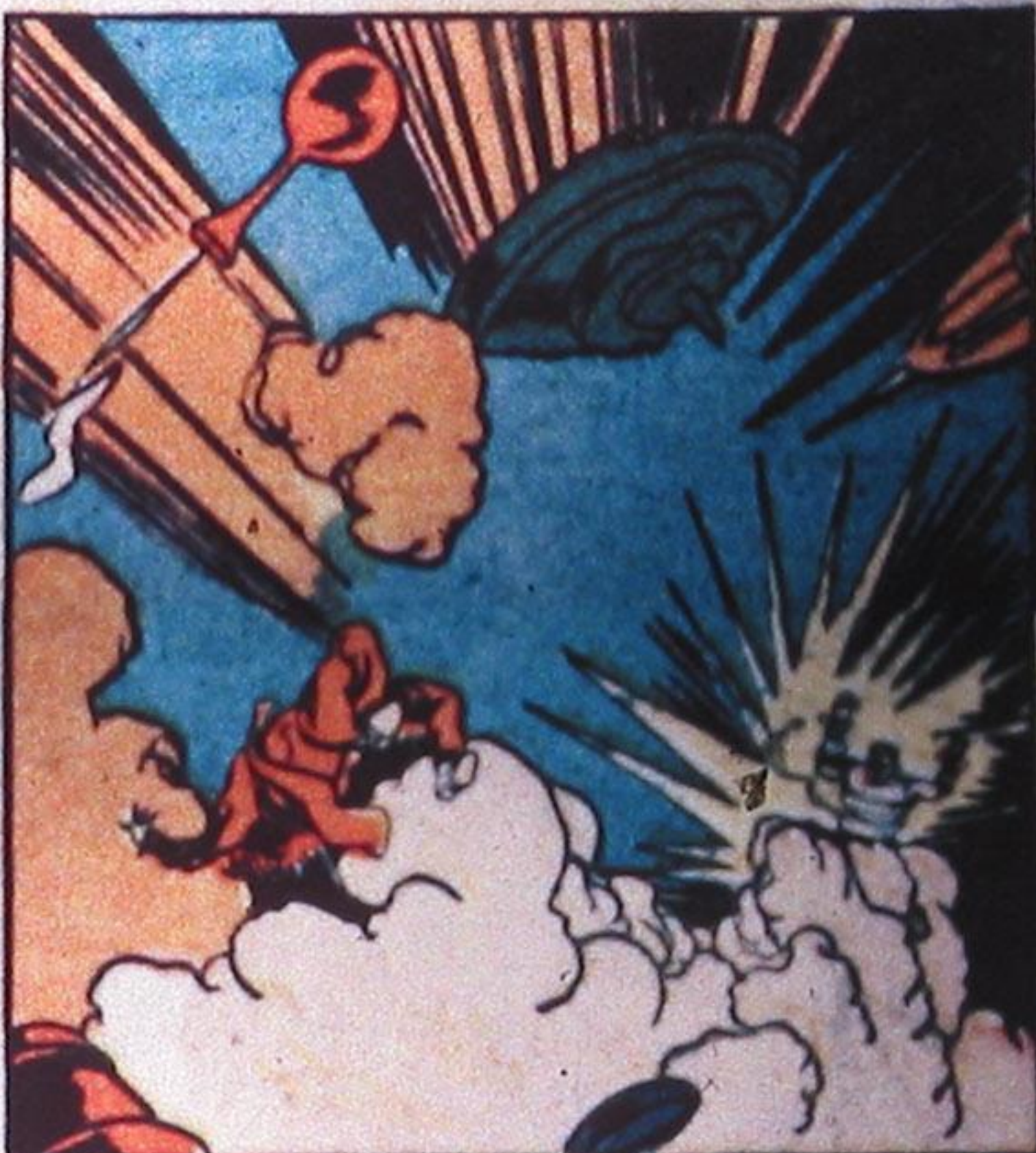
I HAPPEN TO
UNDERSTAND
HYPNOSIS,
PROFESSOR...

THOSE OTHER POOR SOULS YOU
PUT UNDER YOUR SPELL WERE ALL
WEAK MINDED BUMS..... NOW
YOU HAVE MADE A MISTAKE A. MY
WILL POWER IS STRONGER THAN
YOUR WARPED MIND AND I REFUSE
TO SUBMIT!

IT'S ALL
VERY
SIMPLE

FOOL! YOU SHALL
SEE! I WILL TURN
ON MORE POWER
THAN ANYONE HAS
HAD BEFORE!!
MORE!
MORE!

IN A RAGE, THE
MAD DOCTOR
SENDS HIS
MACHINERY INTO
FULL POWER.. THE
DIN IS TERRIFIC AND
THE LIGHT UNDEARABLE



SUDDENLY THERE COMES A BLINDING,
DEAFENING BLAST... EVERYTHING SEEMS
TO EXPLODE... JACK FEELS A SEARING
PAIN AS THOUGH HE WERE STRUCK BY ALL
THE ELEMENTS HE SEEMS TO
BE ON FIRE

FUNNY...
I SHOULD BE
DEAD, BUT —
BUT —



AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAPPENED,
EVERYTHING DIES DOWN... EVERYTHING
BUT A BRIGHT GLOW FROM JACK'S BODY..

I FEEL STRONGER AND
BETTER THAN I
EVER DID BEFORE!
OH! THE GIRL!



BUT THE POWERFUL SCIENTIST IS UNHARMED. ENRAGED, HE SWOOPS DOWN ON JACK.

WITH MY BARE HANDS, I WILL KILL YOU. YOU HAVE RUINED MY LABORATORY!!

WELL, I'LL DIE FIGHTING ANYWAY..



WHY, I CAN PICK HIM UP LIKE A PIECE OF PAPER!

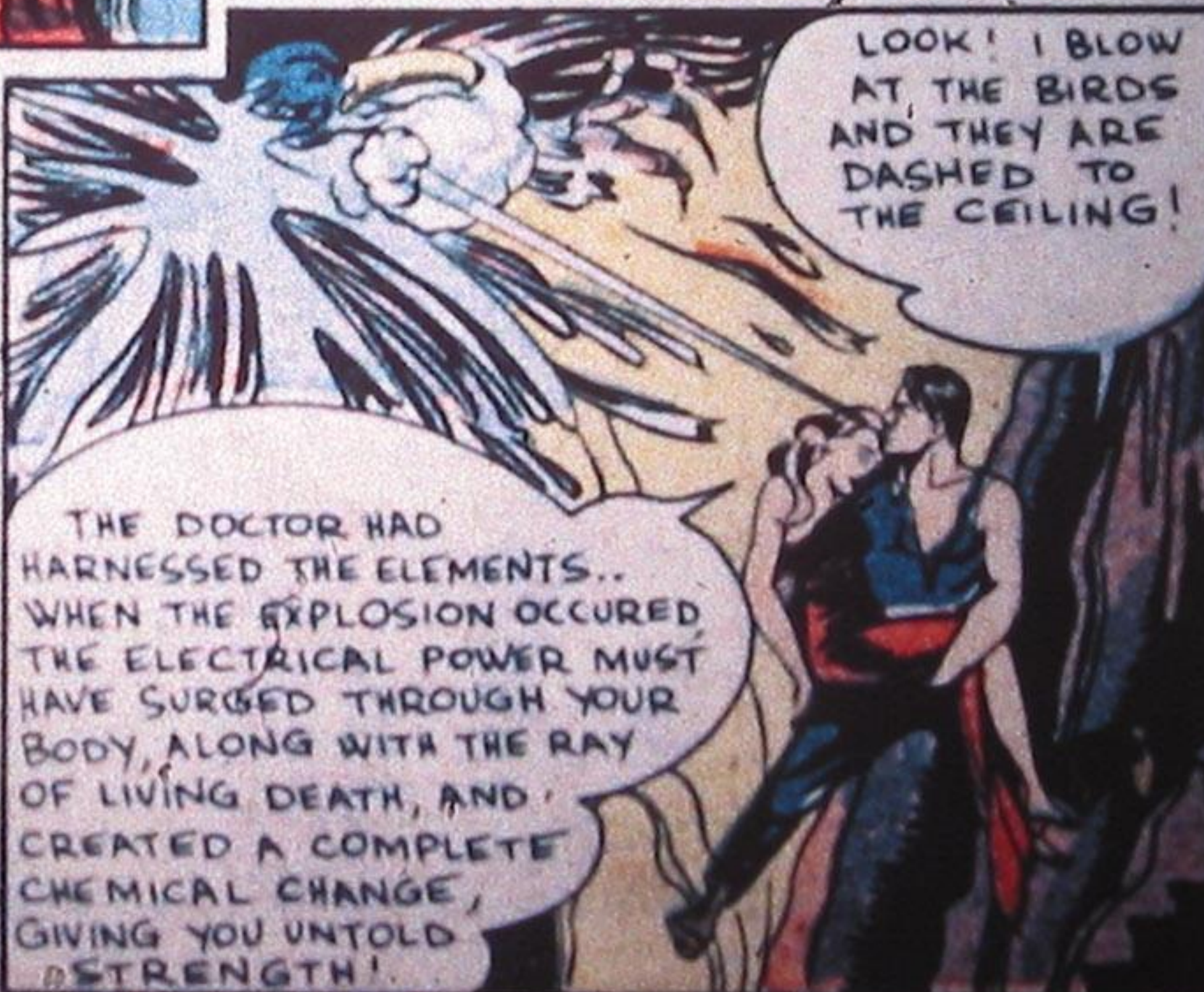
THE PLACE IS ON FIRE... I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE — THE GIRL!



HOW TO GET THE CHAINS OFF? WHY, THEY MELT WHEN I PULL ON THEM!

W-WHERE AM I? I SEEM TO AWAKEN..

LOOK! I BLOW AT THE BIRDS AND THEY ARE DASHED TO THE CEILING!





LOOK OUT!
THE ROOF
IS CAVING
IN!

SAY! THIS COMES
IN HANDY... WONDER
WHAT THE BROAD JUMP
RECORD IS?

TO HIS AMAZEMENT,
JACK AND THE GIRL ARE
CATAPULTED HIGH ABOVE
THE CRUMBLING HOUSE!



NOW THAT YOU'RE HOME, YOU'VE
A LOT OF RESTING
TO DO...



BUT... WILL I
EVER SEE YOU
AGAIN?

WHO CAN
TELL?



GONE — AND
I DON'T EVEN
KNOW HIS
NAME...

THAT NIGHT, JACK PHONES FOR A SECRET MEETING WITH CAPTAIN BENSON.

WHY, MAN! — YOUR FACE ... IT - IT APPEARS TO BE SPARKLING!

IT FEELS STRANGE INDEED - I THINK I CAN EXPLAIN.

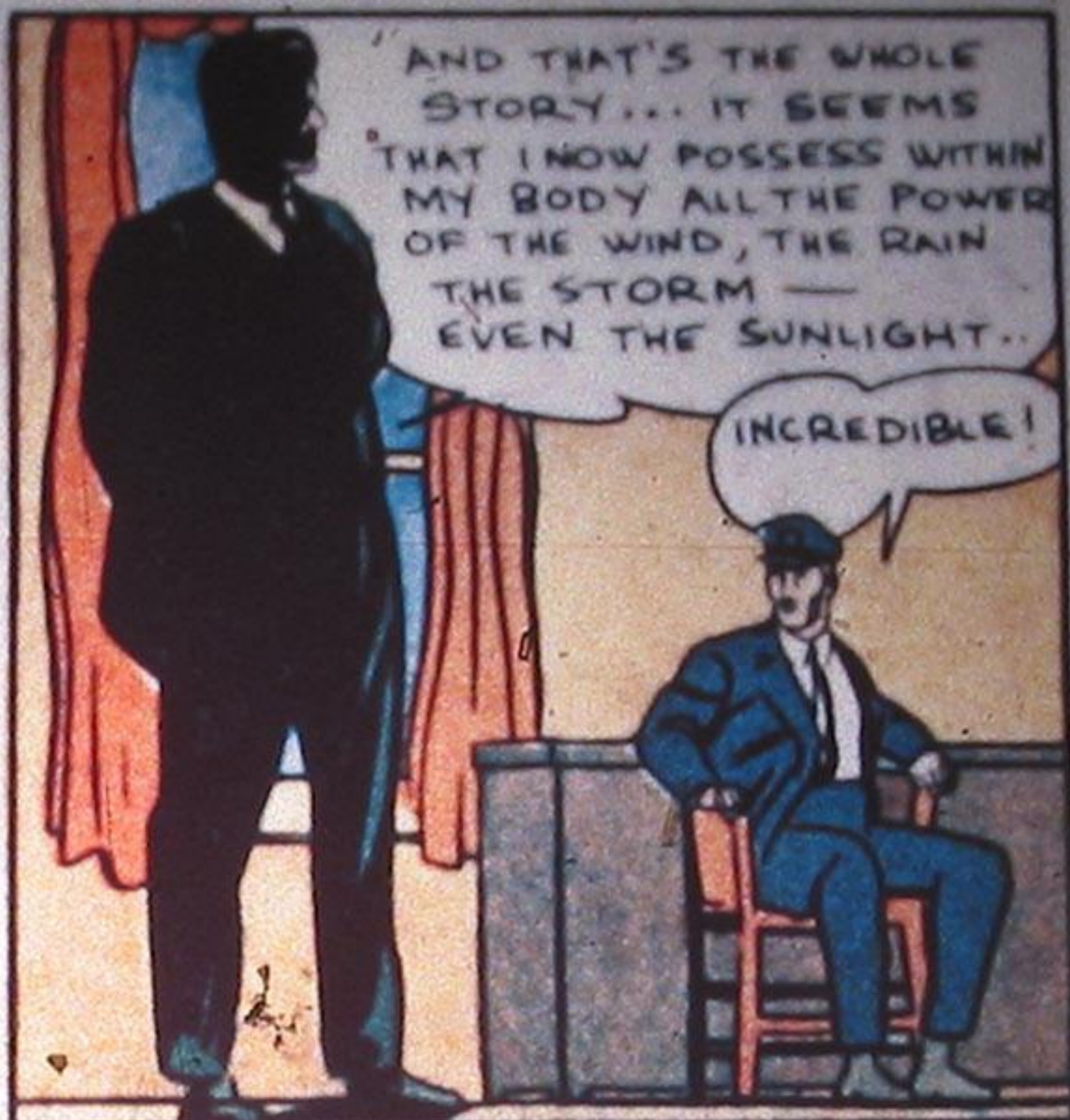


THINK OF ALL THE GOOD I CAN DO WITH THESE POWERS — ALL THE NEEDY PEOPLE I CAN HELP ... I WILL DEVOTE MY LIFE TO SUCH A TASK



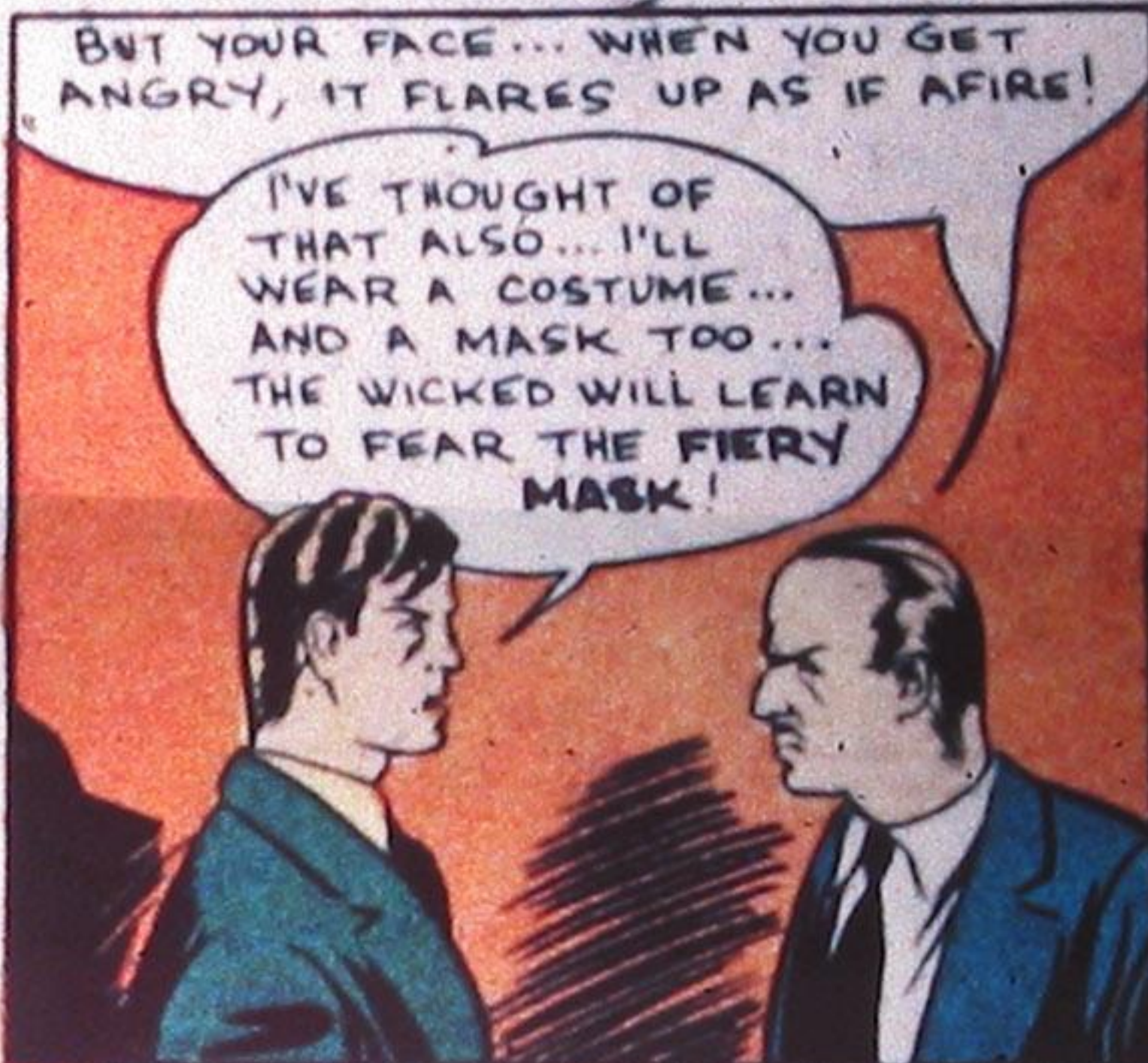
AND THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY... IT SEEMS THAT I NOW POSSESS WITHIN MY BODY ALL THE POWER OF THE WIND, THE RAIN THE STORM — EVEN THE SUNLIGHT..

INCREDIBLE!



BUT YOUR FACE... WHEN YOU GET ANGRY, IT FLARES UP AS IF AFIRE!

I'VE THOUGHT OF THAT ALSO... I'LL WEAR A COSTUME... AND A MASK TOO... THE WICKED WILL LEARN TO FEAR THE FIERY MASK!



10

AND SO IS BORN

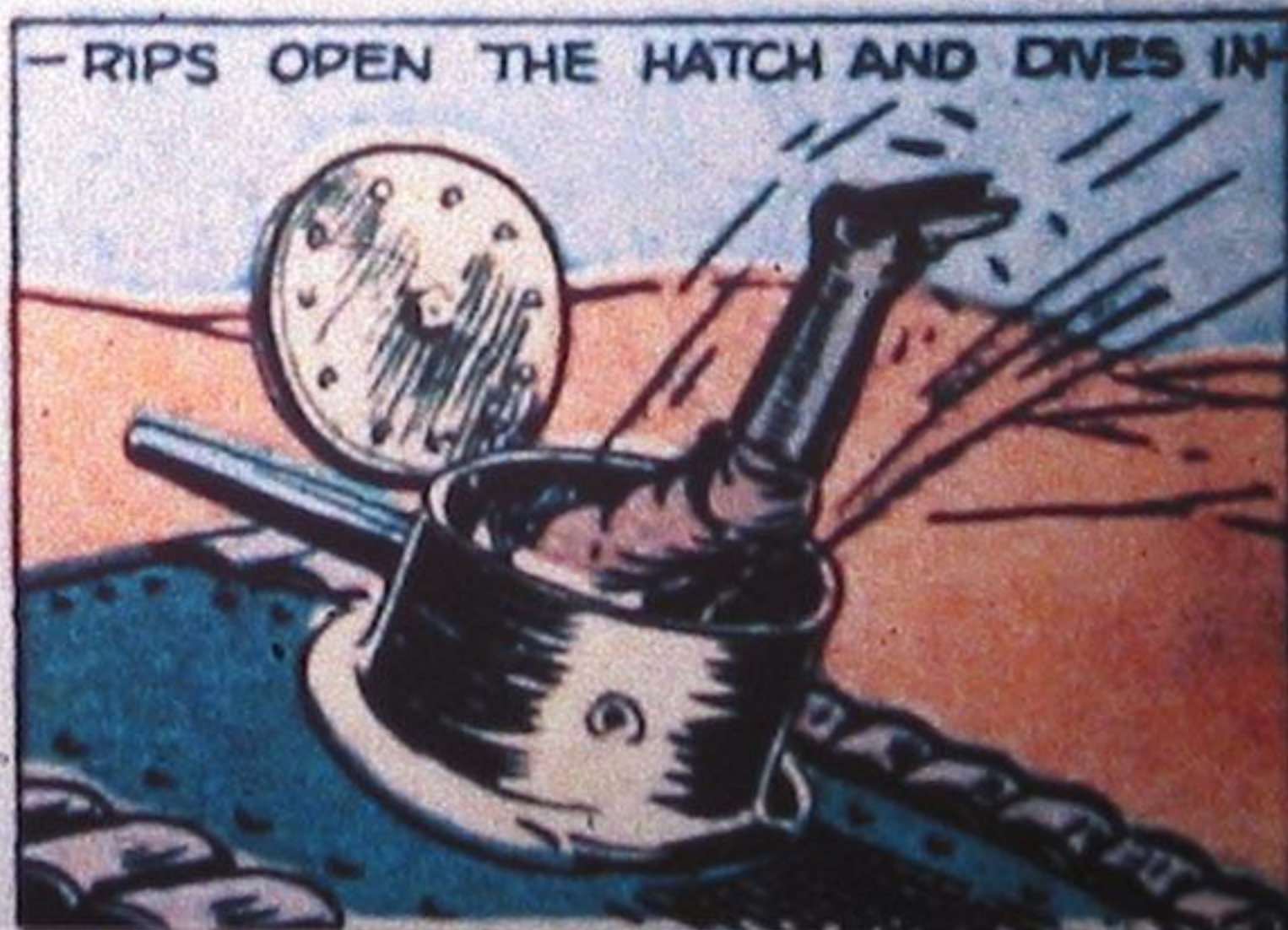
THE FIERY MASK

STRIKING TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF THE WICKED... AND BRINGING HOPE TO THE NEEDY... FOLLOW THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF THE FIERY MASK









FURTHER UP THE ROAD AN ENEMY OFFICER RECEIVES A MESSAGE -

H-M-M! STOP ALL SUSPICIOUS VEHICLES AND PERSONS - ALLIES SPY MUST BE STOPPED! IMPORTANT!

WHAT'S THIS? HERE COMES A TANK!



NO TANKS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE HERE!

HALT!



THE TANK ANSWERS WITH A SHOT -

STOP THAT TANK! FIRE!!



THE ENEMY RAKE IT WITH HEAVY MACHINE-GUN FIRE - BUT THE TANK CONTINUES ON IT'S WAY -

FINALLY A WELL PLACED HAND-GRENADE IS THROWN -



- AND THE TANK IS TOSSED INTO THE AIR -

-AND DROPS HELPLESSLY ON IT'S SIDE -

WOW! THAT STOPPED US!



AS LONG AS THEY'RE THROWING HAND-GRENADES, I'LL TRY A COUPLE!

WE GOT THEM!



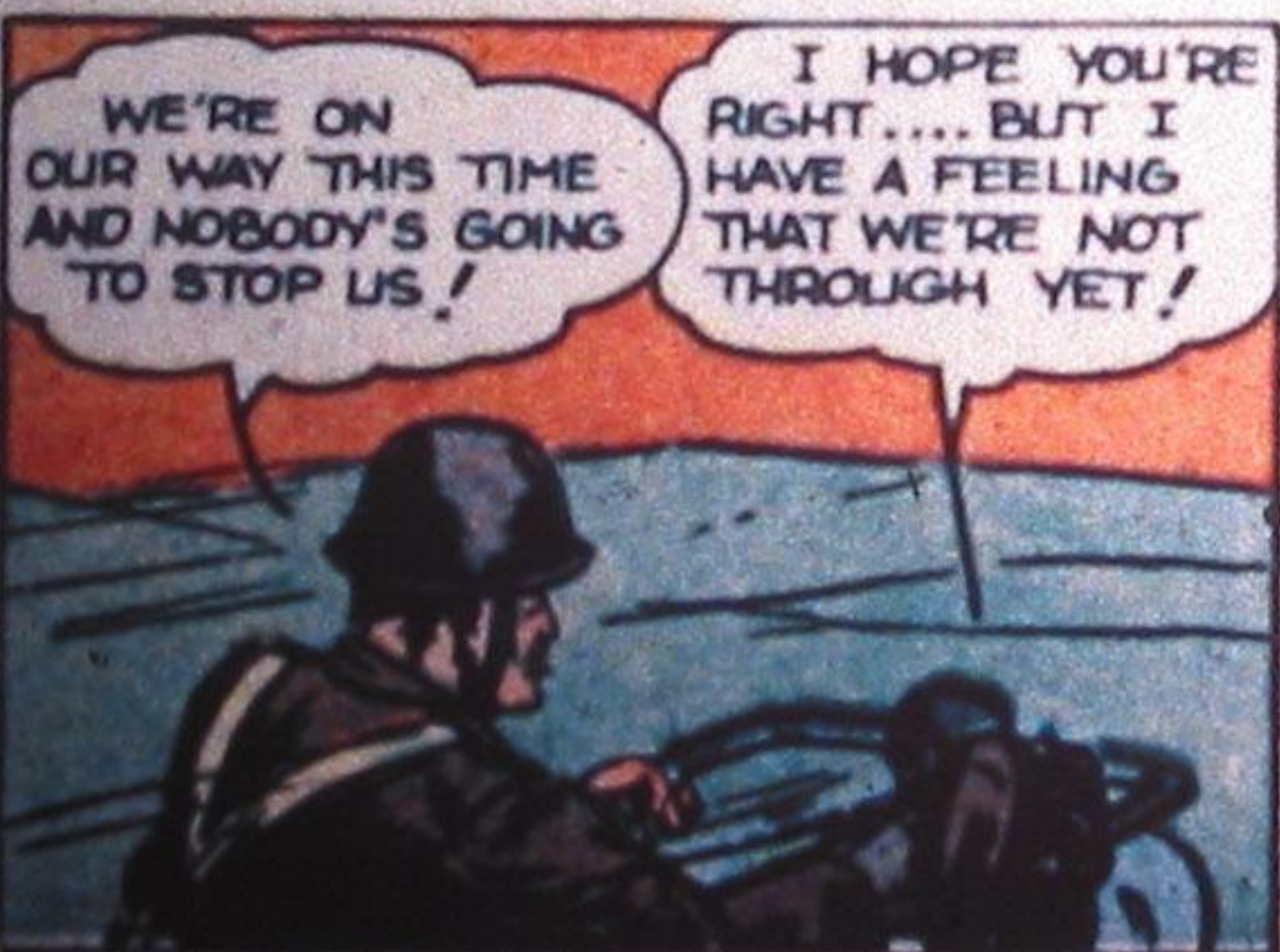
JOHN CRAWL OUT OF THE TANK -

-AND WITH A MIGHTY HEAVE - TOSSES A GRENADE INTO THEIR MIDST -

THERE'S A KISS FOR YOU BOYS!

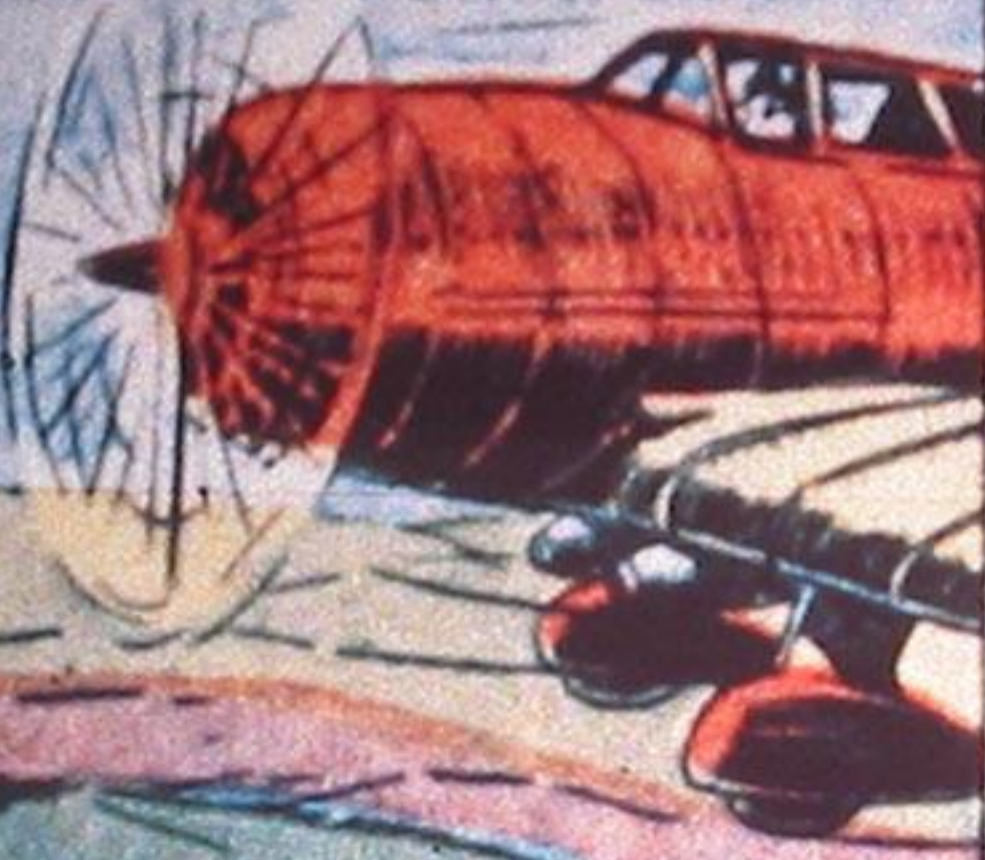
ACH!





SOON AN ENEMY PLANE APPEARS IN THE SKY HEAVILY LOADED WITH DEATH DEALING BOMBS...

LOOK!
AN ENEMY PLANE!



WITH DEADLY ACCURACY THE PLANE LETS GO A BOMB....



HERE
COMES A
BOMB RIGHT
FOR US!

— AS THE BOMB BLOWS A GAPPING HOLE IN THE ROAD A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY—



HE'S NOT
GETTING US THAT
EASY.... WE'LL GIVE
HIM A MERRY
CHASE!

STEP ON IT!
HE'S RIGHT OVER
US!



WE'LL BE
BLOWN TO BITS!

NOT IF I CAN
HELP IT! HOLD TIGHT
HERE WE GO!



JOHN SUDDENLY TURNS OFF THE ROAD
AND HEADS ACROSS COUNTRY —

— AND RUNS HEAD-ON INTO A CAMOUFLAGED
ENEMY ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN NEST —

WHOA!!
WHAT'S THIS?

OH!



ACK!

BEFORE THE SURPRISED ENEMY CAN DO ANYTHING... JOHN LEAPS INTO ACTION...

HERE I COME, READY OR NOT!



TAG! YOU'RE IT!

UH!



AND HERE'S THE ONE I SAVED FOR YOU!

NOW TO GET THAT PLANE BEFORE HE GETS US!



JOHN TAKES CAREFUL AIM AND FIRES

GO GET HIM, BABY!



THE SHOT PASSES THROUGH THE WING OF THE PLANE, BUT DOES NO DAMAGE...

ACH! HE IS TOO GOOD A SHOT! I MUST GET HIM WITH THE NEXT ONE!



MISSED!

JOHN HURRIDLY RELOADS THE GUN AS THE PLANE CIRCLES FOR ANOTHER ATTACK

LISTEN, BABY, YOUR LITTLE BROTHER JUST MISSED! IT'S UP TO YOU TO HIT THE MARK... HERE YOU GO!

HURRY! HERE HE COMES!



AS JOHN FIRES THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN-

WE'RE DEPENDING
ON YOU...GO TO IT!



COME ON, SISTER! RUN!!
HERE COMES A BOMB RIGHT
AT US!



LOOK! THE
PLANE'S IN TROUBLE!
YOUR LAST SHOT
HIT IT!

TIT FOR TAT!
THERE HE GOES
UP IN FLAMES!

THE PLANE DROPS ANOTHER DEADLY BOMB



THEY BOTH STUMBLE HEADLONG INTO A
SHELL HOLE AS THE BOMB BLOWS
THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN TO BITS!



O-OOPS!

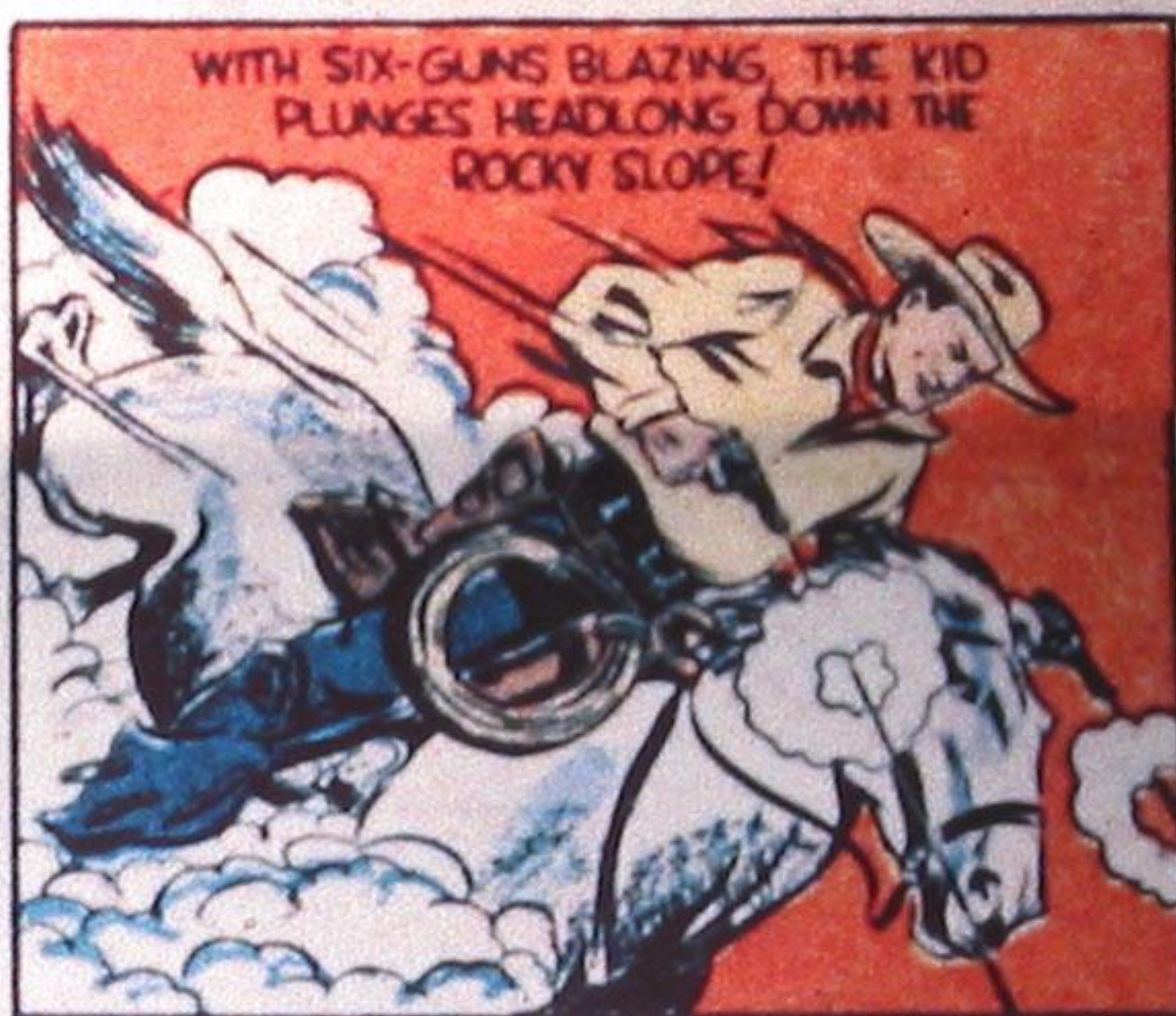
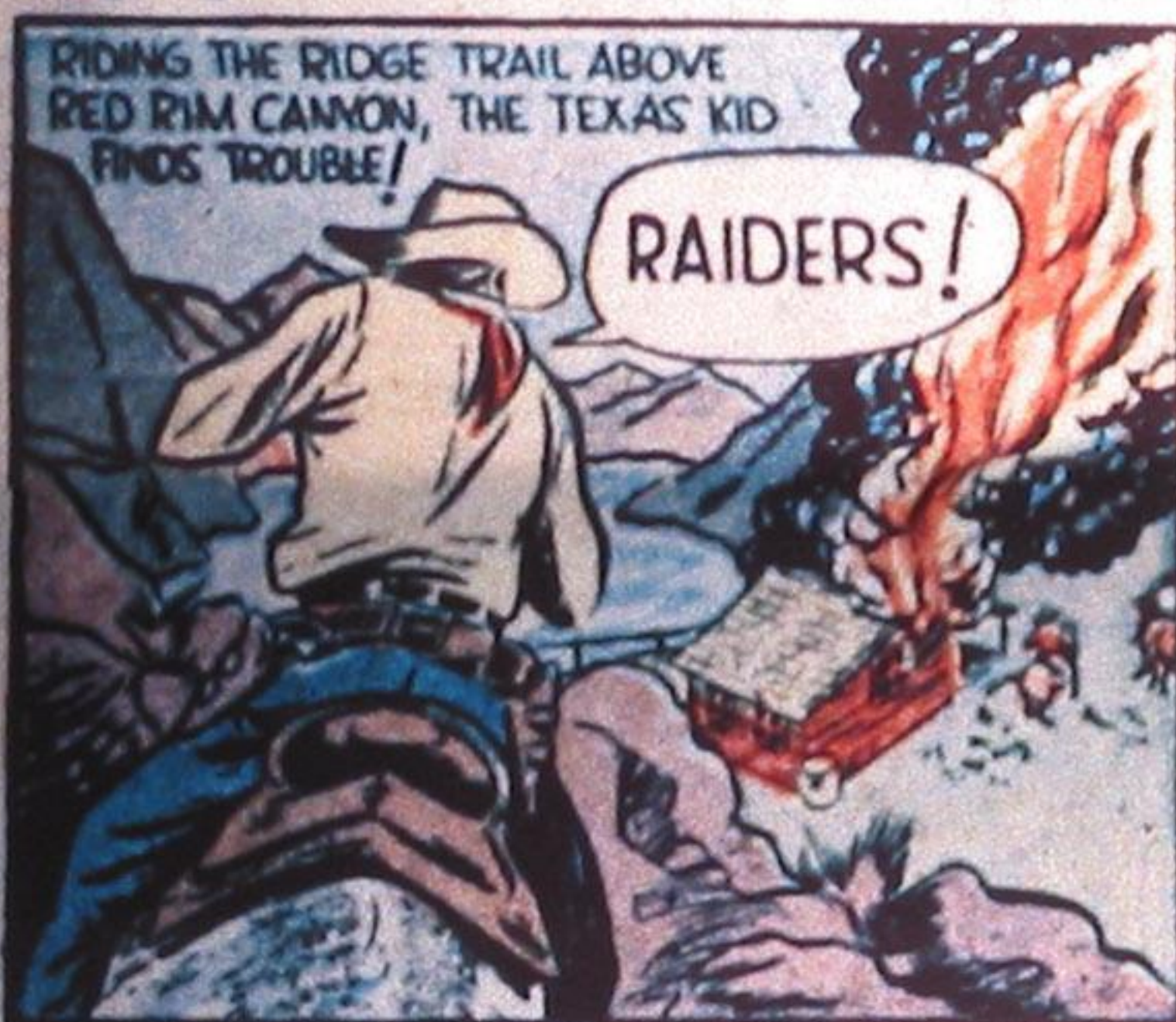
THE PLANE PLUMETS TO EARTH A
FIERY COMET....



WELL, THAT'S
THAT! NOW TO GET
THOSE SECRETS
TO THE GENERAL!

YES, WE
MUST HURRY!





HOLD ON, SPOT! WE'RE FERGITTEN!
THAT BURNING CABIN.... MAY BE
FOLKS TRAPPED
INSIDE!



THE TEXAS KID
ABANDONS HIS
PURSUIT OF THE
THREE MASKED
RIDERS AND
DASHES ON A
DEAD RUN BACK
TO THE BLAZING
RANCH HOUSE.

IT IS THE
THIRD CABIN
IN A FEW DAYS
THAT THE
KID HAS
DISCOVERED
BURNED!

DON'T SEE ANYBODY
AROUND.... WE'LL
HAVE TUH GIT
INSIDE, SPOT!



THAT'S IT,
SPOT!

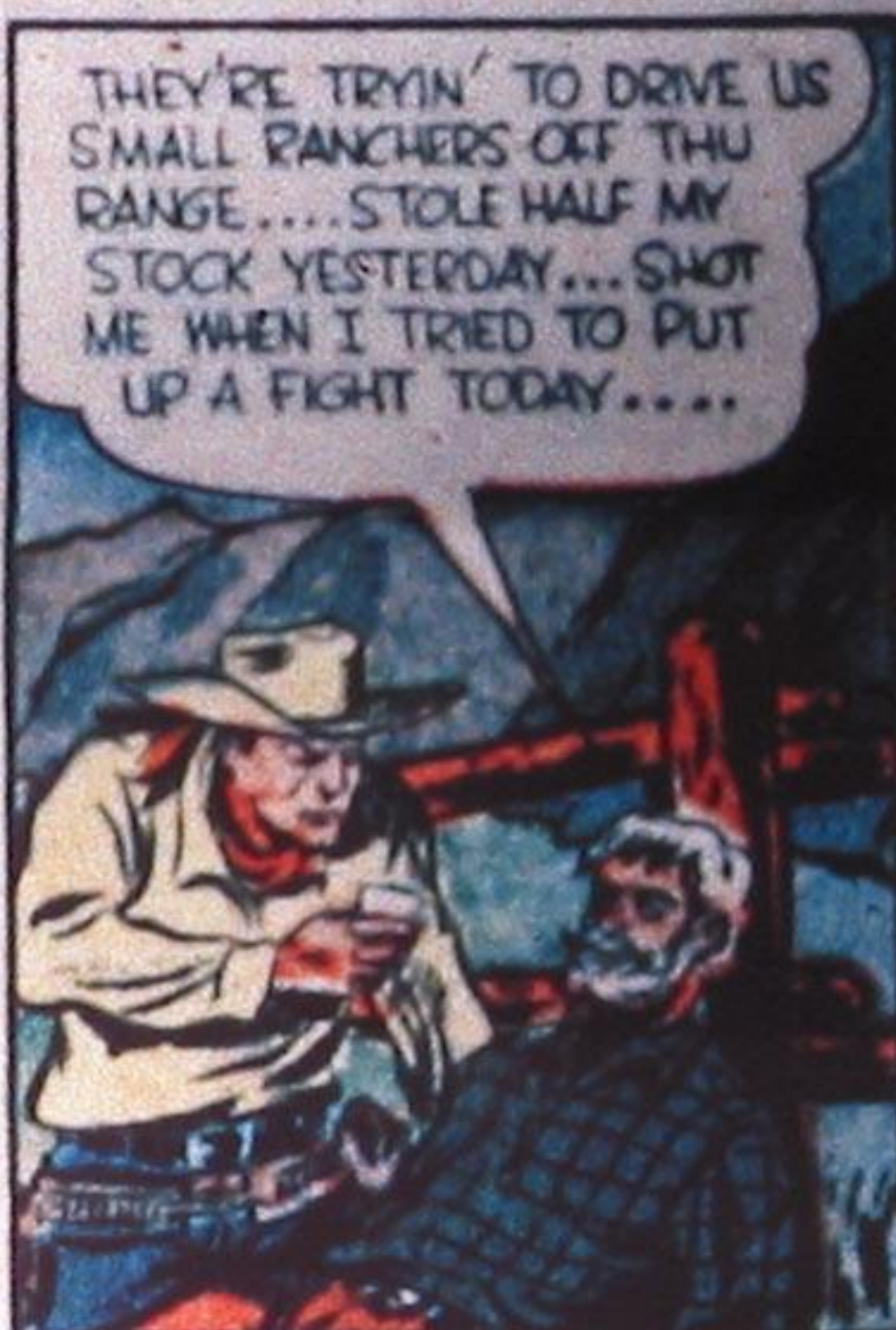


THE KID SCOOPS A FIGURE
OFF THE CABIN FLOOR AND
CARRIES HIM INTO THE OPEN!

THIS MAN'S
BEEN SHOT!



THEY'RE TRYIN' TO DRIVE US
SMALL RANCHERS OFF THU
RANGE.... STOLE HALF MY
STOCK YESTERDAY... SHOT
ME WHEN I TRIED TO PUT
UP A FIGHT TODAY....



THE MORTGAGE WAS ABOUT
DUE ON THE RANCH.... HAD
TH' MONEY READY, BUT
THEY STOLE THAT. I
THINK THEIR LEADER
IS.... IS.....

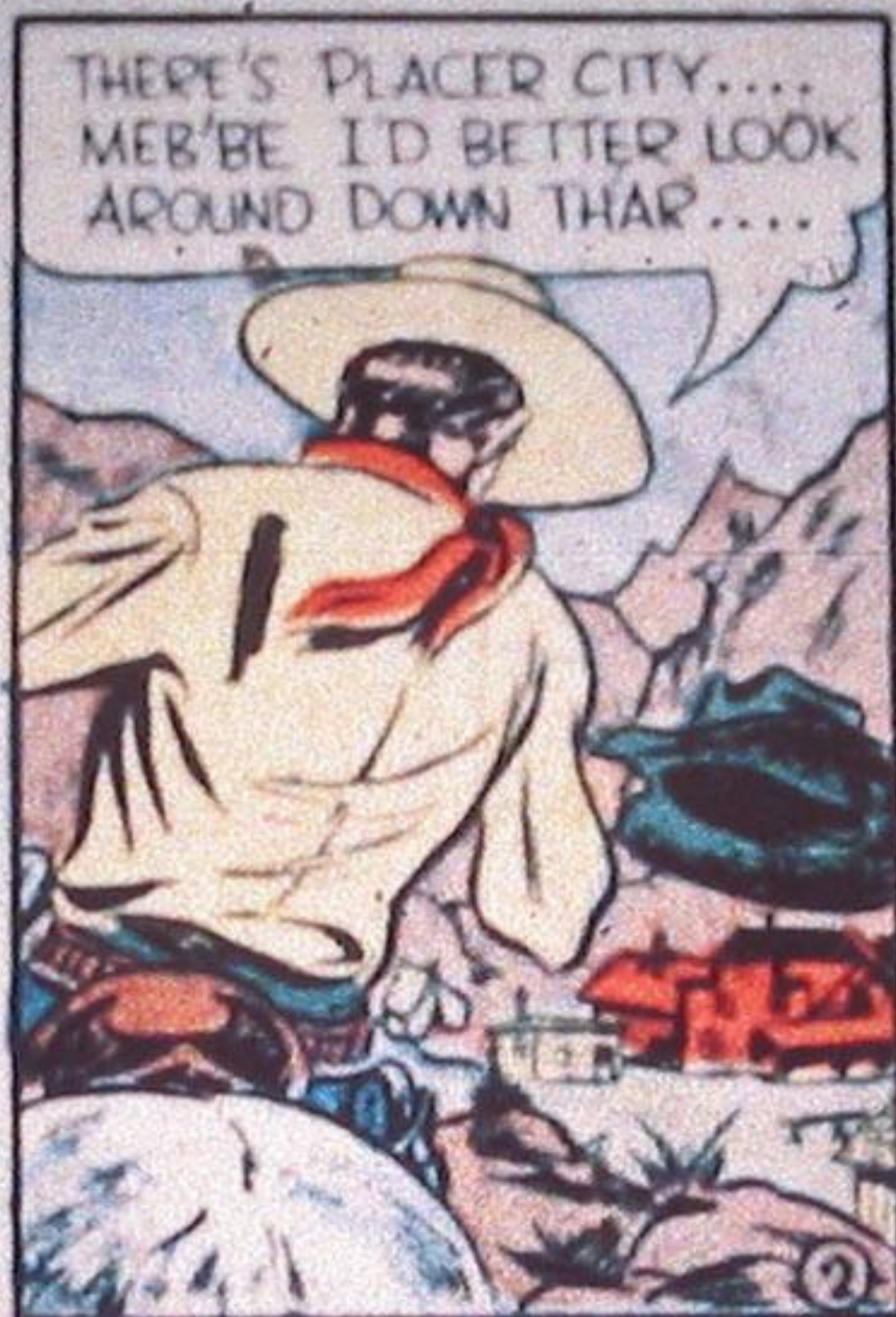


HE DIED WITHOUT TELLIN'
ME WHO THOSE MASKED
RIDERS ARE, BUT, I'M
A GONNA FIND OUT!



WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S
THAT OVER THERE?





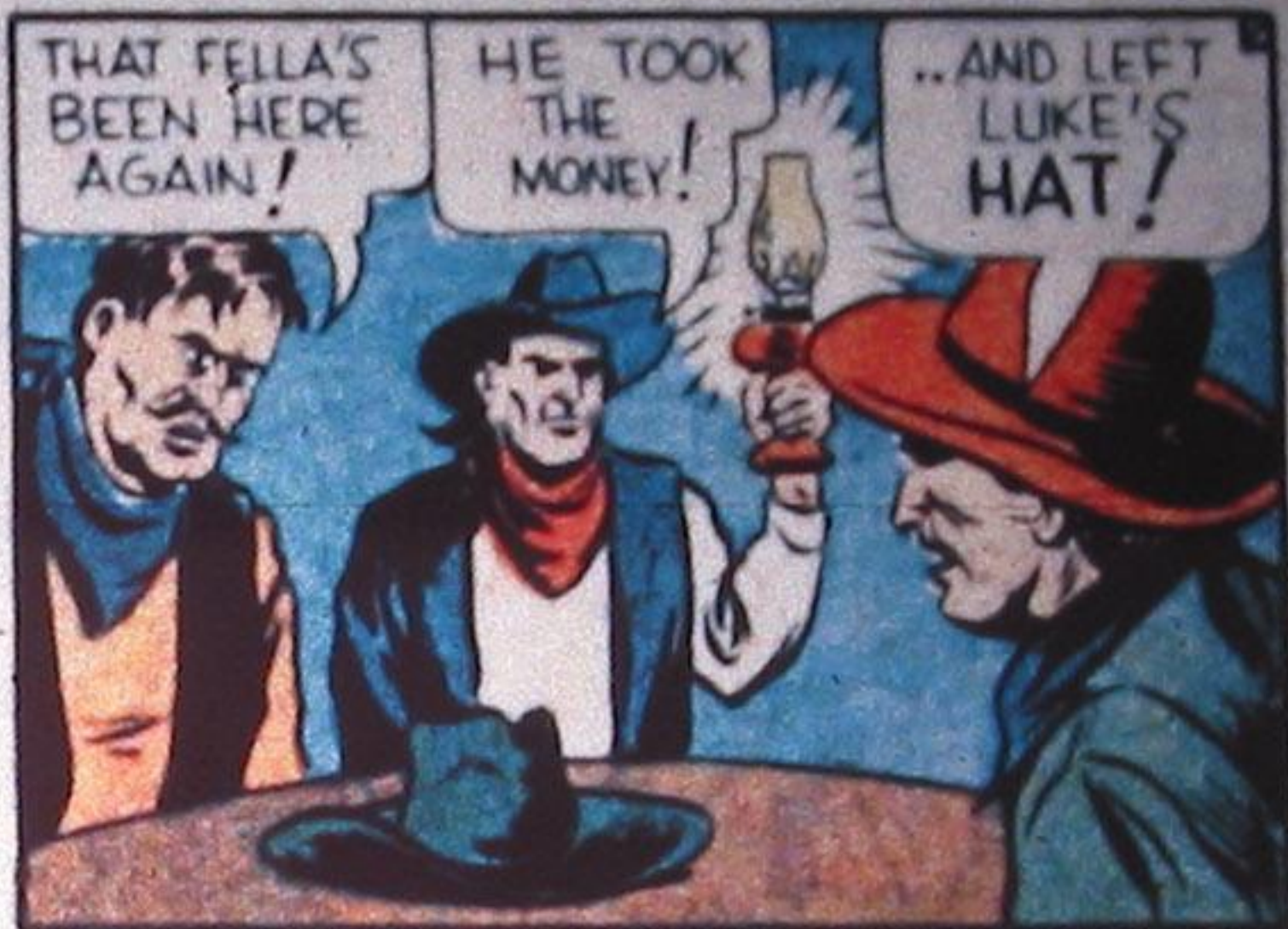


THE TEXAS
KID ESCAPES
FROM THE
SALOON BY
AN OPEN
WINDOW
JUST AS
COMANCHE
AND TRENT
APPEAR!





GET
A
LIGHT!



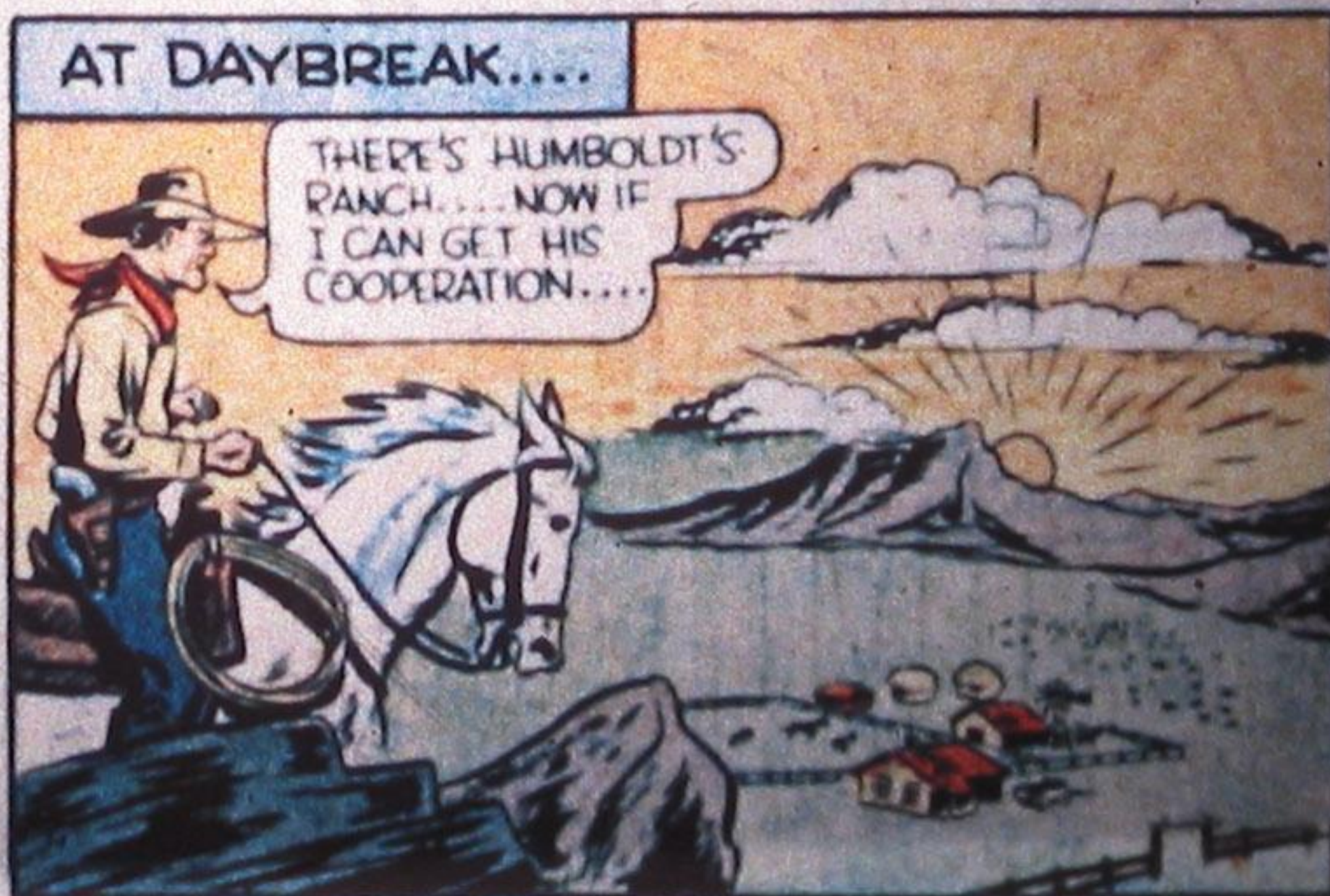
THAT FELLA'S
BEEN HERE
AGAIN!

HE TOOK
THE
MONEY!

..AND LEFT
LUKE'S
HAT!



SO, IT'S THE
HUMBOLDT RANCH
NEXT! WELL,
I GOT A
LITTLE PLAN!



AT DAYBREAK....

THERE'S HUMBOLDT'S
RANCH... NOW IF
I CAN GET HIS
COOPERATION....



...WE CAN WIPE OUT
THIS GANG OF
OUTLAWS!



I'VE GOT
TO HAVE
YOUR HELP

YER STORY SOUNDS
A LITTLE QUEER,
STRANGER!



BUT, I'LL
TAKE A
CHANCE
ON YUH!

THANKS!
BE SURE
AND FOLLOW-
OUT MY
INSTRUCTIONS



A FEW HOURS LATER, A
BAND OF MASKED RIDERS
SURROUND THE HUMBOLDT
RANCH HOUSE

COME ON OUT
OF THAR... AND
WITH YORE
HANDS UP!

NOW YO'RE BEIN' SMART, HUMBOLDT

I DON'T WANT NO TROUBLE WITH YOU BOYS. THERE'S ALL THE MONEY I GOT AND I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY!

BE OFF TH' RANCH BEFORE SUNDOWN!



HIDDEN BEHIND AN OUTCROPPING OF BOULDERS A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE RANCH THE TEXAS KID PATIENTLY WAITS... AND WATCHES

LOOKS LIKE THINGS ARE WORKIN' OUT THE WAY I PLANNED!



THE OUTLAWS RIDE AWAY....

SEEMS MIGHTY FUNNY THAT HUMBOLDT GAVE UP SO EASY!

NAW...



HE WAS SCARED TO DEATH! DIDN'T WANT TH' SAME AS WE GIVE THAT RANCHER AT RED RIM YESTERDAY!

STILL DON'T SEEM RIGHT TO ME



NOW, I'LL TRAIL THEM TO THEIR HIDEOUT AND HOPE THAT HUMBOLDT DOES HIS PART



AT TOP SPEED, RANCHER HUMBOLDT HURRIES TO PLACER CITY.

I'M ONLY-DOIN' THIS ON THAT STRANGER'S SAY SO..... IF HE AIN'T RIGHT....



..THIS'LL GET ME INTO A PECK O' TROUBLE WITH BANKER WELLS AND THE SHERIFF!



RIDING UP TO THE PLACER CITY BANK, HUMBOLDT THROWS A PACKAGE THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR.



A RIDER JUST TOSSED THIS INTO THE BANK, MR. WELLS. IT'S ADDRESSED TO YOU!



NO ONE MUST SEE THIS!



THE BANKER STARTS TO OPEN THE PACKAGE AND SUDDENLY HURRIES TO HIS PRIVATE OFFICE.....

... FOR THE PACKAGE CONTAINS A NOTE, WRAPPED IN NEARLY ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN CURRENCY! BUT, HALF OF EACH BILL IS MISSING!

HERE IS THE MONEY FROM HUMBOLDT. WE GONE TO THE HIDEOUT. LUKE



AFTER DELIVERING THE PACKAGE AT THE BANK WITHOUT BEING RECOGNIZED, THE RANCHER GOES TO THE SHERIFF.....

SHERIFF... IF YOU GET A POSSE TOGETHER WE CAN CATCH THE OUTLAWS THAT HAVE BEEN RAIDIN' US RANCHERS!



I HOPE YER RIGHT! I'LL COME WITH YOU IF THERE'S ANY CHANCE OF GETTIN' 'EM!



THERE'S THE QUARTZ CREEK TRAIL. OUR MAN SHOULD COME THAT WAY... WE'LL WAIT HERE AND TRAIL HIM. KEEP THE POSSE BACK OUT OF SIGHT!



LOOK... THERE HE IS!

AFTER HE GETS PAST THE BEND, WE'LL FORD THE CREEK AND FOLLOW HIM!



THE TEXAS KID IS FOLLOWING THE OUTLAWS WHO HAVE HEADED FOR THEIR HIDEOUT IN THE LONE JACK MOUNTAINS.

TRACKS LEAD UP THE RAVINE TO THAT BOX CANYON... AND THAT PROBABLY IS THE END OF THE TRAIL!



IN THE OUTLAWS' HIDEOUT...

WE GOT ABOUT A THOUSAND IN CASH FROM HUMBOLDT..... 'BOUT HALF AS MUCH AS WE LOST LAST NIGHT!



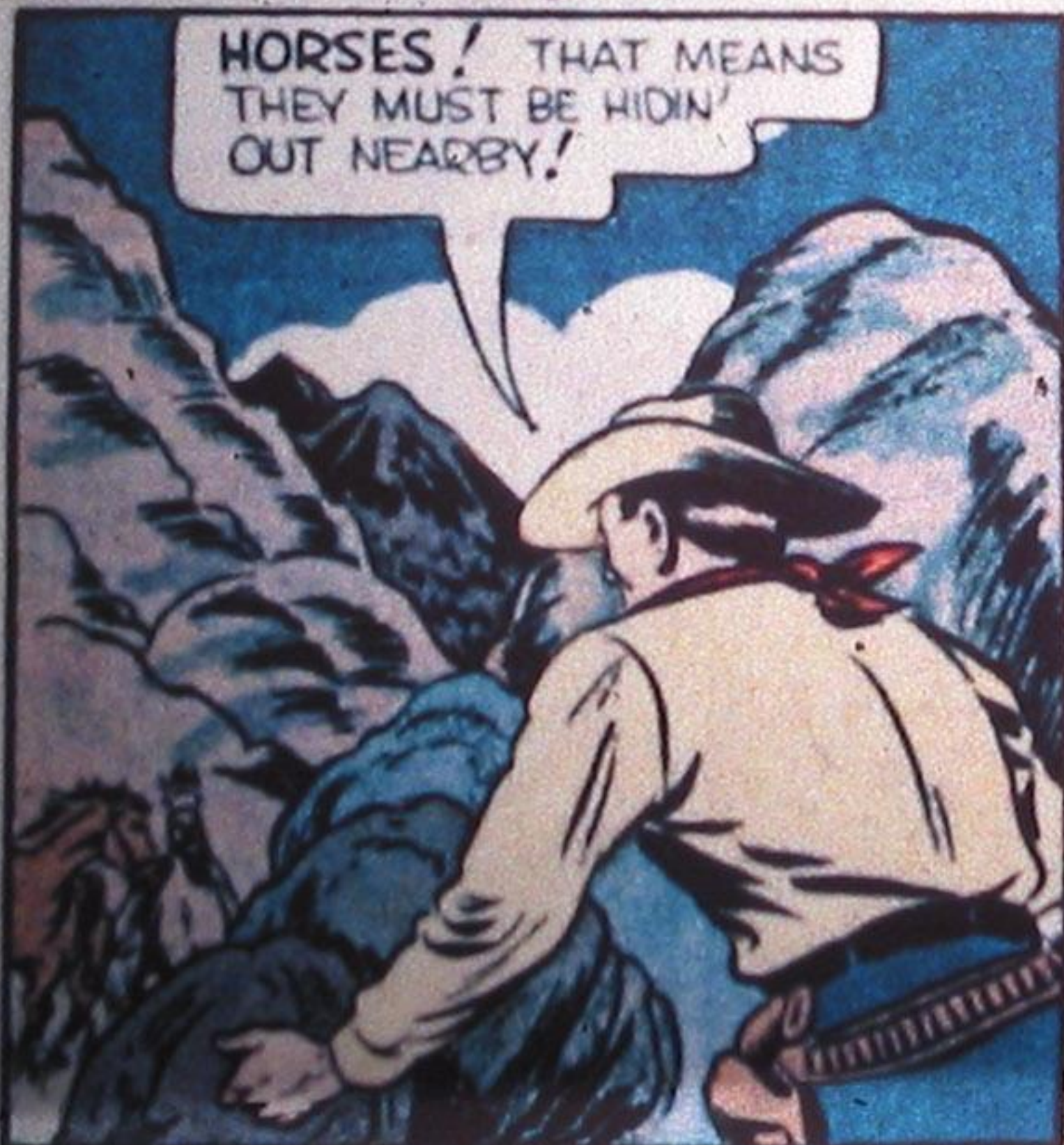
I'M GONNA FIND THAT STRANGER AND GET THAT MONEY HE **STOLE** FROM US!



BESIDES THAT..... I GOT A **PERSONAL SCORE** TO SETTLE WITH HIM!



HORSES! THAT MEANS THEY MUST BE HIDIN' OUT NEARBY!



KEEP THEM GUNS HOLSTERED.... OR YOU'LL GET A COUPLE OF **LEAD SLUGS!**



IT'S ONE OF THE OUTLAWS! I'M **DISCOVERED!**

HERE'S YORE FRIEND, LUKE. HE COME TO PAY YOU A VISIT!

GOOD WORK, COMANCHE! TIE TH' CRITTUR UP!



TELL ME WHERE THAT MONEY IS OR BE DRUG ON THE END OF A ROPE **BEHIND A WILD HOSS!**

YOU'RE WASTIN' YOUR BREATH LUKE!



THERE'S A RIDER COMIN' UP THE CANYON... IT'S **BANKER WELLS!**



IT LOOKS LIKE THE PLACER CITY BANKER IS REALLY IN LEAGUE WITH THE OUTLAWS!

LUKE, WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY SENDING ME THIS MONEY 'ALL TORN IN HALF? GIVE ME THE REST OF IT RIGHT AWAY!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT YER TALKIN' ABOUT, MR. WELLS. I NEVER SEEN THAT MONEY BEFORE!

AND WHO'S THIS MAN YOU'VE GOT HERE? DON'T YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO BRING ANYONE UP HERE TO THIS CAVE?



SO I WAS RIGHT! I SUSPECTED YOU OF BEING THE LEADER OF THESE OUTLAWS WHEN I FOUND OUT YOU HAD A MORTGAGE ON EACH RANCH THAT WAS RAIDED. WHEN TH' RANCHER WAS DRIVEN OFF, YOU GOT A CHEAP RANCH!



DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM. HE STOLE THE RED RIM MONEY FROM US! HE'S GONNA TELL US WHERE IT IS **RIGHT NOW** OR I'LL EMPTY THIS SIX-GUN INTO HIM!



SURE, I'LL TELL YOU, LUKE! YOU'VE GOT IT NOW.....THE MONEY FROM HUMBOLDT AND THE TORN BILLS ARE WHAT I TOOK FROM YOU! HUMBOLDT GAVE THE SHERIFF THE REST OF THE TORN MONEY!



WHY YOU...! SO, YOU TRICKED WELLS INTO COMIN' HERE! WELL, YOU WON'T LEAVE HERE ALIVE!



PUT YER HANDS UP.....OR WE SHOOT! I HEARD **EVERYTHING!** BANKER WELLS, YOU AND THESE OUTLAWS ARE DUE TO **HANG!**



IT'S THE SHERIFF AND A POSSE!

HERE'S THE FELLER THAT ROUNDED THESE OUTLAWS UP AND MADE THINGS SO US RANCHERS WON'T BE BOTHERED NO MORE! STRANGER, WHAT'S YORE NAME?



FOLKS JUST CALL ME THE **TEXAS KID!**



READ THE **"TEXAS KID"** AGAIN NEXT MONTH

MONAKO

PRINCE OF MAGIC

by
LARRY ANTONETTE

A SPEEDING CAR IS
BEARING DOWN RAPIDLY
ON AN UNSUSPECTING GIRL
CROSSING THE STREET —



QUICK AS A FLASH MONAKO
GESTURES —



— AND THE GIRL SUDDENLY SEEMS TO BE CROSSING
A BRIDGE OVER THE STREET —



MONAKO, YOU
SAVED MY LIFE
AGAIN! YOU'RE
ALWAYS JUST
IN TIME!

JOSIE!
I DIDN'T KNOW
IT WAS YOU,
HOW LUCKY!



A SINISTER FACE
PEERS FROM THE CAR
HURRY, TASHU,
DRIVE ON! IT'S MY
OLD ENEMY, MONAKO!



THE CAR SPEEDS OFF, BUT NOT
FAST ENOUGH —

OH!
NOT HE!

H-M-M-
I SEE MY OLD FRIEND
MR. MURO IS IN TOWN!
THAT SPELLS TROUBLE!



YOU MUST HELP ME, MONAKO.
MY BROTHER, AL, HAS PERFECTED
A NEW POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE FOR
THE GOVERNMENT! MURO
LEARNED OF IT AND PLANS TO
KIDNAP AL, FORCE THE SECRET
FORMULA FROM HIM AND
THEN KEEP HIM CAPTIVE!



MURO TRAILED ME HERE AND
TRIED TO RUN ME DOWN TO
STOP ME FROM WARNING
MY BROTHER!



QUICK, INTO
THE TAXI!



MEANWHILE MISTER MURO AND
HIS HENCHMEN STEALTHILY
APPROACH AL'S HOUSE -
THIS IS IT - CAREFUL,
NO NOISE!



THERE HE IS
IN THE STUDY! QUICK,
WHILE HE'S ALONE!



WE DO
FAST JOB, BOSS!

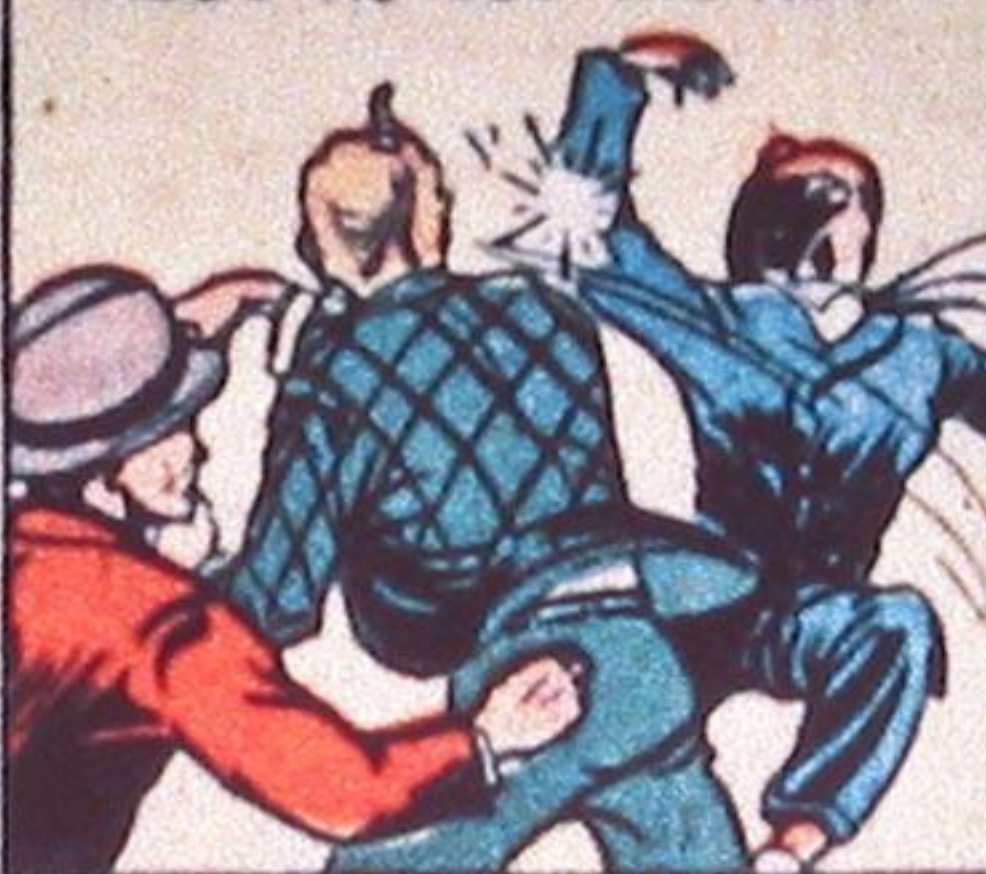
NOW, I HAVE BURNED
ALL THE FORMULA PAPERS!
NO ONE CAN STEAL IT, AND
ONLY I KNOW THE SECRET!



TOMORROW I SHALL MAKE
SOME FOR THE GOVERNMENT -
O-O-OH!!



BREAKING LOOSE, AL SWINGS
AND KNOCKS ONE OF THE
THUGS ACROSS THE ROOM -



- BUT ANOTHER JUMPS
ON HIS BACK -



A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE ENSUES -



AL IS DOWN FOR A MOMENT - MURO
RUSHES IN WITH A SMALL NEEDLE
IN HIS HAND -



- AND INJECTS A DRUG
INTO AL'S ARM!



MONAKO CONCENTRATES TO MAKE CONTACT WITH HIS VISION -

SH-H!



THE SCENE ON THE WALL CONTINUES AS MONAKO'S VISION SILENTLY FOLLOWS MR. MURO -



SUDDENLY A SCENE WITH MONAKO'S VISION FLASHES ON THE WALL -

OH!

THIS IS IT CABBY!

WHEEW!
AM I GLAD TO GET RID OF THAT GHOST!



ROUNDING A CORNER, THE VISION SUDDENLY COMES UPON MR. MURO -

LOOK, MURO HAS KIDNAPED MY BROTHER!

SH-H!
LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



THE VISION STEPS IN THEIR PATH -

STOP! RELEASE THIS MAN!



TAKEN BY SURPRISE MURO'S GUARD WHIPS OUT A KNIFE AND THROWS FOR THE VISION

I FIX BOSS!



- BUT THE KNIFE PASSES THROUGH THE VISION AND STICKS INTO THE WALL -

PING



THE GUARD'S EYES POP -

G-GHOSTS!





MONAKO WAVES HIS MAGIC STICK AND FOOTSTEPS LIGHT UP ON THE GROUND LEADING HIM TO THE RIGHT DOOR!



FOLLOWING THE ILLUMINATED FOOTSTEPS, MONAKO GOES CAUTIOUSLY ALONG DARK WINDING PASSAGES!



SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING, MONAKO DROPS THROUGH THE FLOOR —



—AND ENDS UP IN AN UNDERGROUND CHAMBER.



AH! AN UNEXPECTED GUEST! QUICK GRAB HIM AND TIE HIM UP!



IN A FLASH THERE SEEMS TO BE A NUMBER OF MONAKOS



BUT MURO IS NOT TO BE FOOLED — THIS ONE!



OH! DEVILS!! WHICH ONE WE GRAB, BOSS?



MONAKO PUTS UP A FIGHT WITH GESTURES! FISTS SEEM TO HIT MURO'S GUARDS FROM OUT OF THIN AIR AS THEY TUMBLE ALL AROUND THE ROOM —



NO CAN DO, BOSS! NO CAN CATCH! OH!!



MURO WAITS FOR MONAKO TO HIT A CERTAIN SPOT IN THE ROOM, THEN HE PRESSES A BUTTON.—



THERE, MY TRICKY FRIEND! WE CATCH YOU NICELY!



A HEAVY STEEL CAGE DROPS OVER MONAKO CATCHING HIM LIKE A RABBIT IN A TRAP!

MONAKO IS MOVED INTO ANOTHER CHAMBER WHERE AL IS CHAINED TO THE WALL, AND THEY ARE LEFT ALONE.



MONAKO! YOU TOO? WHAT IS THIS MURO UP TO?

FOR YEARS MURO HAS TRIED TO GAIN CONTROL OF THE WORLD! HE HEARD OF YOUR POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE AND MEANS TO FORCE THE SECRET FROM YOU!



AL IS TAKEN OUT AND TORTURED FOR HOURS, BUT WILL NOT REVEAL HIS SECRET.



TAKE HIM TO THE KNIFE! HE WILL TALK! BRING MONAKO TOO!



THEY ARE STRAPPED TO A TABLE, AND DIRECTLY OVER THEIR THROATS HANGS A LARGE, RAZOR SHARP AX!



IT IS READY!

GOOD!



SWING THE AX! THIS SLOW TORTURE WILL GIVE HIM TIME TO THINK! MAYBE HE WILL TALK VERY SHORTLY! HEH-HEH!



SLOWLY THE AX SWINGS, BRINGING THE RAZOR SHARP BLADE CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THEIR THROATS —

I-I CAN'T STAND THIS ANY LONGER! I'LL TALK!

WAIT! I HAVE AN IDEA!

MONAKO TALKS TO THE AX.

ALL RIGHT, AX, GO TO WORK!

O'KAY!

SUDDENLY THE AX LEAVES THE CEILING, AND FLITS AROUND CUTTING ALL THEIR BOUNDS

WHAT THE? WHAT HAPPENED?

S-SH-H! WE'RE FREE! NOW TO MAKE OUR ESCAPE!

SNAP

IN A FLASH THEY SHRINK TO TEN PEOPLE —

WHAT'S THIS?

ALL THE DOORS ARE LOCKED! WE MUST BE SMALL TO ESCAPE!

QUICK, INTO THIS CRACK IN THE WALL! I HEAR FOOTSTEPS!

THEY'RE GONE, BOSS, GONE!!

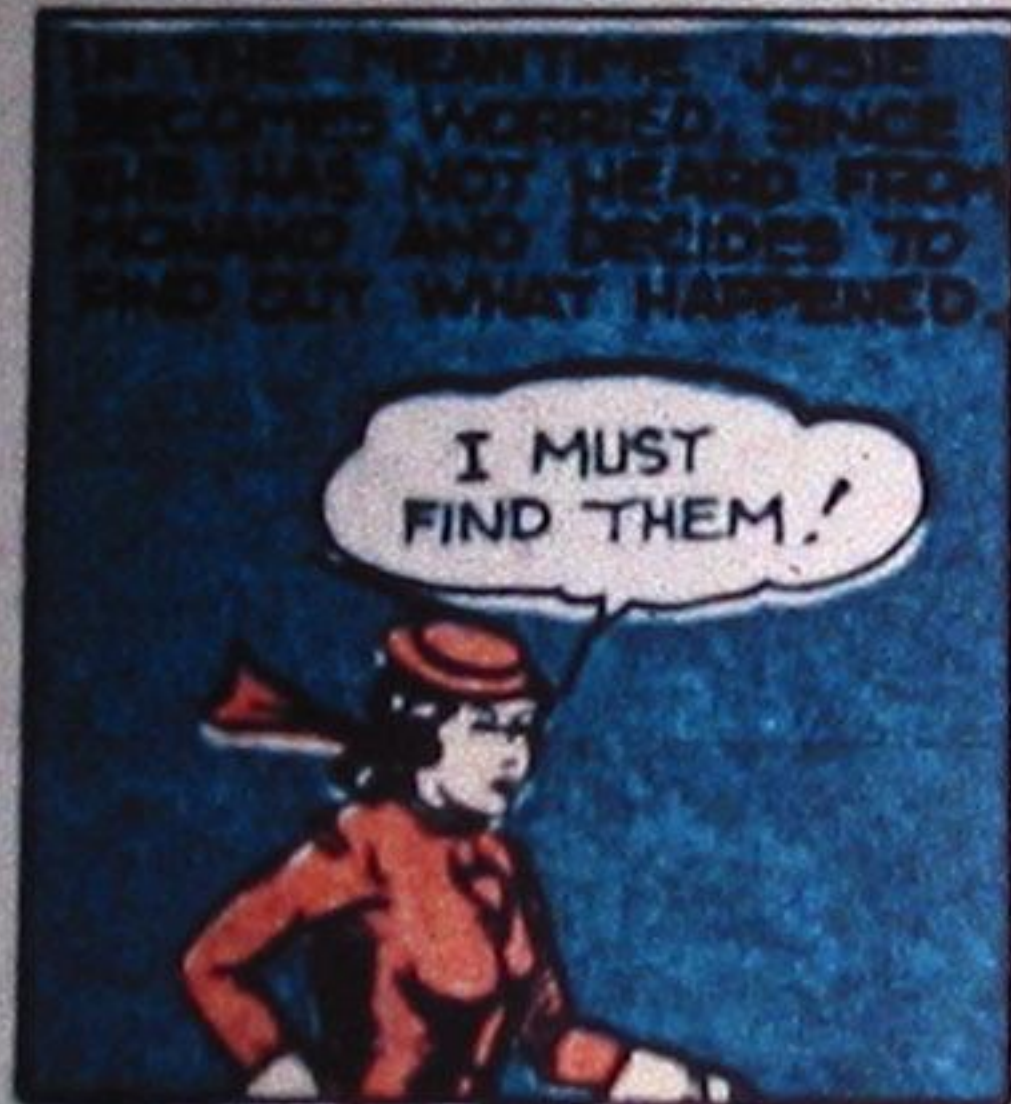
THEY CANNOT HAVE GONE FAR! SEARCH THE PLACE! WE MUST GET THAT SECRET FORMULA!

AFTER A FUTILE SEARCH OF EVERY ROOM —

NO CAN FIND, BOSS!

HURRY, I HAVE A PLAN!

AFTER THEY LEAVE, AL AND MONAKO WEND THEIR WAY TO FREEDOM THROUGH CRACKS AND UNDER LOCKED DOORS —



YOU WILL FIND OUT WHAT IT MEANS TO MEDDLE IN MURO'S AFFAIRS!



COME, WE MUST GET THAT FORMULA!



HERE COMES MURO, NOW! WE'LL BE READY FOR HIM!



MURO GRABS A CAN, BUT DROPS IT QUICKLY.

OOW! IT'S RED HOT!

BURNIE, BURN!



A CAN OF GASOLINE, WITH A LONG, LIGHTED FUSE ATTACHED, IS SET NEAR JOSIE.

OH!

IN TWO HOURS THIS INGENIOUS BOMB WILL EXPLODE AND YOU WILL BE BURN'T TO A CRISP! IN THE MEANTIME YOU MAY SUFFER WITH YOUR THOUGHTS! HEH, HEH!



MEANWHILE AL AND MONAKO ARRIVE AT THE LABORATORY.

HE HASN'T BEEN HERE YET!

GOOD! WE'LL WAIT!



I WANT TO FIX UP A FEW SURPRISES FOR MY GOOD FRIEND!



MURO GOES INTO THE LABORATORY AND REACHES FOR A CAN OF THE SECRET POWDER.

IT TALKS!

AH, AH! MUST NOT TOUCH!



IT'S SOME OF MONAKO'S TRICKS!

BOSS! LOOK!



YES! IT'S SOME OF MONAKO'S TRICKS!

A CAN OF GASOLINE, WITH A LONG, LIGHTED FUSE ATTACHED, IS SET NEAR JOSIE.

PETRIFIED WITH FEAR, MURO'S GUARDS DASH AWAY.

OH! DEVILS!



MURO BECOMES PANICKY AND RUNS TO HIS CAR —



—AND MAKES A MAD DASH THROUGH TOWN WITH AL AND MONAKO IN CLOSE PURSUIT.



COMING TO THE END OF A DOCK, MURO LEAPS FROM HIS CAR TO A WAITING SEA-PLANE.

START THE MOTOR!



—AND LEAVES MONAKO AND AL BEHIND.

MONAKO SPOILED MY PLANS! I'LL BE BACK TO TAKE CARE OF HIM!



THAT'S GOOD RIDDANCE! BUT I'M AFRAID HE'LL BE BACK!

SOMEONE IS YELLING FOR HELP! IT'S COMING FROM THAT OLD TUGBOAT!!



MEANWHILE IN THE TUGBOAT JOSIE SCREAMS FOR HELP AS THE FUSE BURNS SHORTER AND SHORTER.

HELP!



MONAKO DASHES INTO THE OLD TUG TO INVESTIGATE—



—FINDS JOSIE AND CARRIES HER TO SAFETY.

I DON'T KNOW HOW I'LL EVER REPAY YOU!



WITH A DEAFENING ROAR THE TUGBOAT IS BLOWN TO BITS.

BANG



THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT! BUT WE'RE ALL SAFE!

IT WAS LUCK THAT WE FOUND YOU IN TIME!



MURO IS A FIENDISH DEVIL! HE'LL GO TO ANY LENGTHS TO GAIN HIS ENDS — I MUST WATCH HIM MORE CLOSELY!



By Ray Gill



"GET into the wagon . . . quick . . . they'll kill us all!"
My baby, my baby . . . I must get my baby . . . !"

Frantic shouts, terror and turmoil in the air . . . the Thundering Terror was crashing down upon the little mining town of Gold Creek!

Hundreds of wild, mad horses . . . as if driven by some supernatural power, were crashing, even now, through the tiny wooden structures at the edge of town. Onward, crushing, breaking, killing anything that got in their way. Their sweat-covered bodies and frothing mouths, blood red eyes and bleeding feet showed that they were beyond all earthly endurance . . . still they came on.

The main street, lined with gambling houses, a few stores, the bank, and the newspaper office, would be the natural path . . . even for wild animals to follow. Instead, they came upon the town at an angle. Without wavering, even for the minute distance of a few feet, the mad jumble of screaming, snorting horses tore through the small western town.

From the mountain just above the town, the few townspeople that managed to get into wagons and escape, looked down upon a ghastly, gruesome scene. Their homes were kicked off their foundations, the bank was in flames, —a lamp, knocked over, had done its share. The people in the stores were covered with crashing wood and flying hooves, the biggest building in town, the "Silver Slipper" was seen to crash, as if shaken by an earthquake. The tall tower, devoid of all support on its north side, wavered for a minute . . . suddenly cracked in the center . . . and fell like a wounded soldier amid an explosion of dust.

They came . . . and, went, all in the brief time of ten minutes.

At the base of the whole thing was a new and uncontrolled terrifying force — just a little silver sliver . . . which almost overwhelmed Gold Creek!

AN hour after the death of Gold Creek, five forlorn figures ambled through the battle-scarred landscape that was, an hour ago, a thriving, home and town. The tall man with the sandy hair spoke.

"I . . . I just can't believe it's been done. Those weren't animals . . . they were devils. I know horses, I've been brought up with them . . . no horses would act like that, not even wild ones."

The other four were his wife, without their baby . . . the president of the bank, Mr. Hastings, Hank Walls, the blacksmith, and Spud Clark, cowhand. Spud spoke.

"You're dead right, Mr. Duncan. Horses is my business, and I ain't never seen any act up like that never. Lordamercy on those that's gone . . . but I'm gonna get out of this here part of the country. So long!"

"See here, Mr. Spud, you can't just walk out on us now. The least we can do . . . is see that our loved ones are taken care of. I'll give my last cent to see that every last one of those beasts are shot down dead." Mr. Hastings was in earnest.

"He's right, you know, men. We all have to pitch in together now. I'll do my share, my guns will speak for me." Hank Walls was in.

"We can't just go out there and shoot them," Wade Duncan reasoned. "There's too many of them for one thing, if we lived long enough to finish the job. I'm for another plan. It seems to me that those horses were acting awfully funny, as Spud here told you. No horse would cut up that way . . . even a mad one. I think there's someone, or something behind all this. Say, Mr. Hastings, do you know of anyone who would want to wreck Gold Creek?"

"Well, nooo, I can't . . . yes! Yes, by Jupiter, there is. If there was no town of Gold Creek . . . that bunch of crooks from Chelsa City could move in and take over. They've been wanting to buy us out for over a year. Their price has always been too low though, they threatened that. . . . Yes, sir, I'm sure of it now. But we have nothing on them. How could they have directed those horses to run over the town. . . ? I'm afraid we've let our imaginations run away with us."

"I'm not so sure we have. Spud, Hank, get some fresh horses, and pack some vitals . . . we have a job to do. Mr. Hastings, you take my wife and go into Chelsa City. Send someone out here to . . . clean up. I think both of you need a little rest. Bye, Honey . . ." And with that they were gone.

THE three hunters finally came upon the herd after a full day's ride. Wade Duncan loosed his lariat and gave instructions to his two friends. "I'll get one of these fellows, but when I do, scare off any of the rest that attempt to follow. I want to get one alone." He rode straight toward the milling pack of animals, lasso in hand . . . the other on his shotgun. When they saw him coming they darted away . . . not at him. "Not so wild today, eh? We'll soon see."

After an hour of chasing, shooting, and riding they finally got one big cayuse, hog-tied.

"He don't look like a mad animal to me, Wade. His saliva is normal enough . . . his eyes are kinda bloodshot . . . say, what's this cut on his head?"

"Where?"

"Right here, behind his ear. Feels hard."

"Well, I'll be . . . look at this . . . a sliver of metal! And all sewed up like a lace hanky. Spud, get another horse over here . . . if he has one of these . . . well, I have an idea we've discovered something!"

Wade Duncan was right. Every horse had just such a sliver of white metal inserted into the base of his skull. Each piece the same size, and in the same place.

"Come on, gang . . . we're finished here!"

IN Chelsa City the three rode up to the small stone building that boasted of the title "Chelsa Radio Station" in bright, new letters. They stopped in front, tied up their horses . . . drew out their guns . . . and entered.

The fight that ensued was topped only by the massacre of the Thundering Terror of Gold Creek, but the mess that was left was a fair equivalent. Chairs were broken, windows, electrical equipment, modernistic fixtures, and faces, were smashed. In as little time as the Gold Creek terror, the six well-beaten men were hauled out into the daylight.

"There's your Thundering Terror, all wrapped up and ready to be cooked . . ." Wade Duncan smiled at a job well done.

"Yes, these are the men I meant . . . but how on earth did you get any evidence . . . or did you?" Mr. Hastings questioned.

"We got evidence all right. Maybe these ingenious fellows will explain how they directed that herd of horses with radio beams. I don't know much about electricity, but I do know that each horse had a sliver of metal in his head, at the base of its brain, that would drive him crazy if he didn't follow the beam these guys were sending out. By directing the radio beam they could make the poor animals stampede in any direction they chose."

"Well it's too bad they had to pick on our little town for their one and only radio-controlled stampede," replied Mr. Hastings.



AT
MIDWESTERN-

BOB WOOD.



- AND THERE'S FOSTER - BREAKING
AWAY - IT'S A PASS - HE'S GOT
IT - THERE HE GOES - 10 YDS - 15
20 - WHAT A MAN - HE'S
AWAY - IT LOOKS LIKE
A TOUCHDOWN!



NICE GAME FLASH NOW IF WE CAN
LICK HALE NEXT SATURDAY
WE'RE A CINCH FOR THE
ROSE BOWL

WE'LL BE IN
THERE
FIGHTING
COACH!



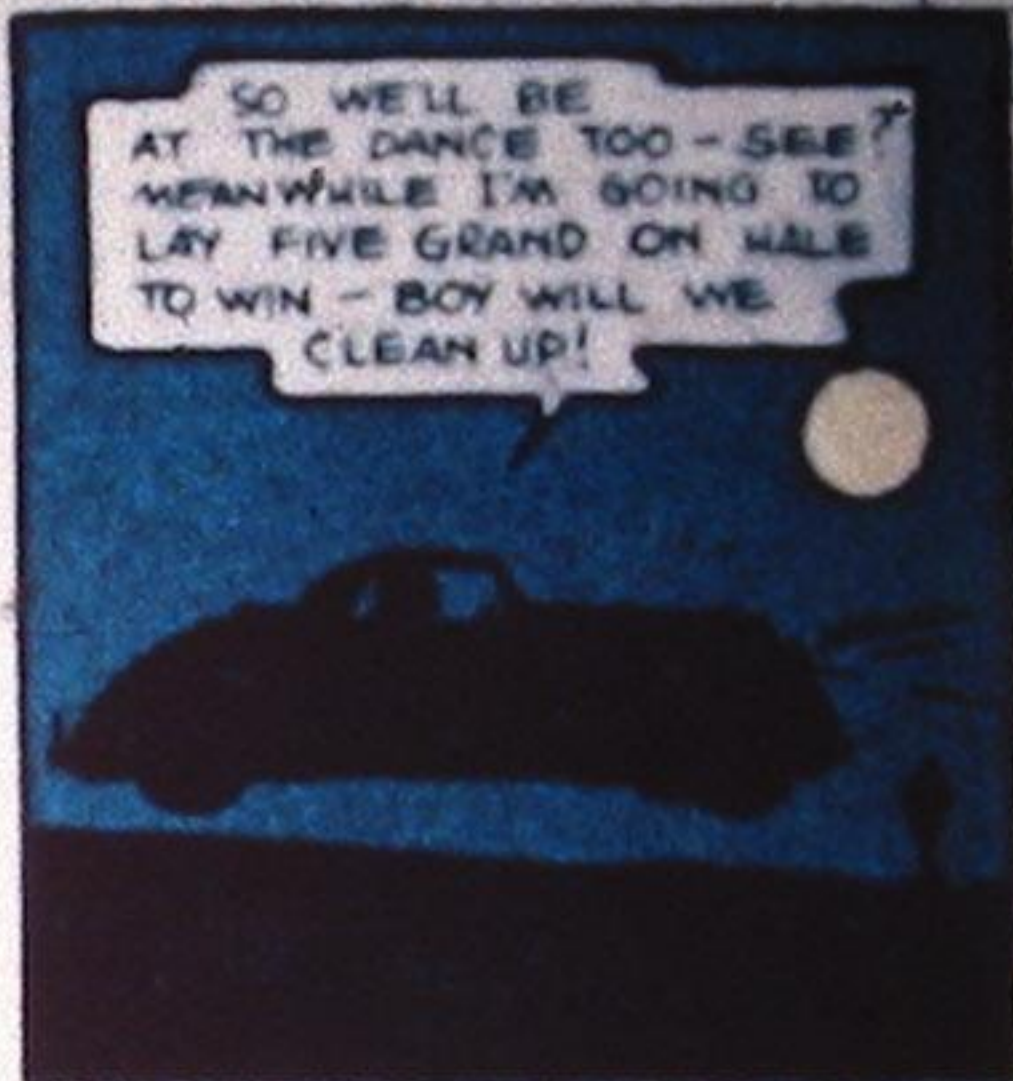
ADMISSION IS A TOP
HEAVY FAVORITE
TO BEAT HALE.
SATURDAY—IF WE
WERE TO BET FIVE
GRAND ON HALE TO
WIN—AND THEY'D
WED PICK UP
PLenty OF

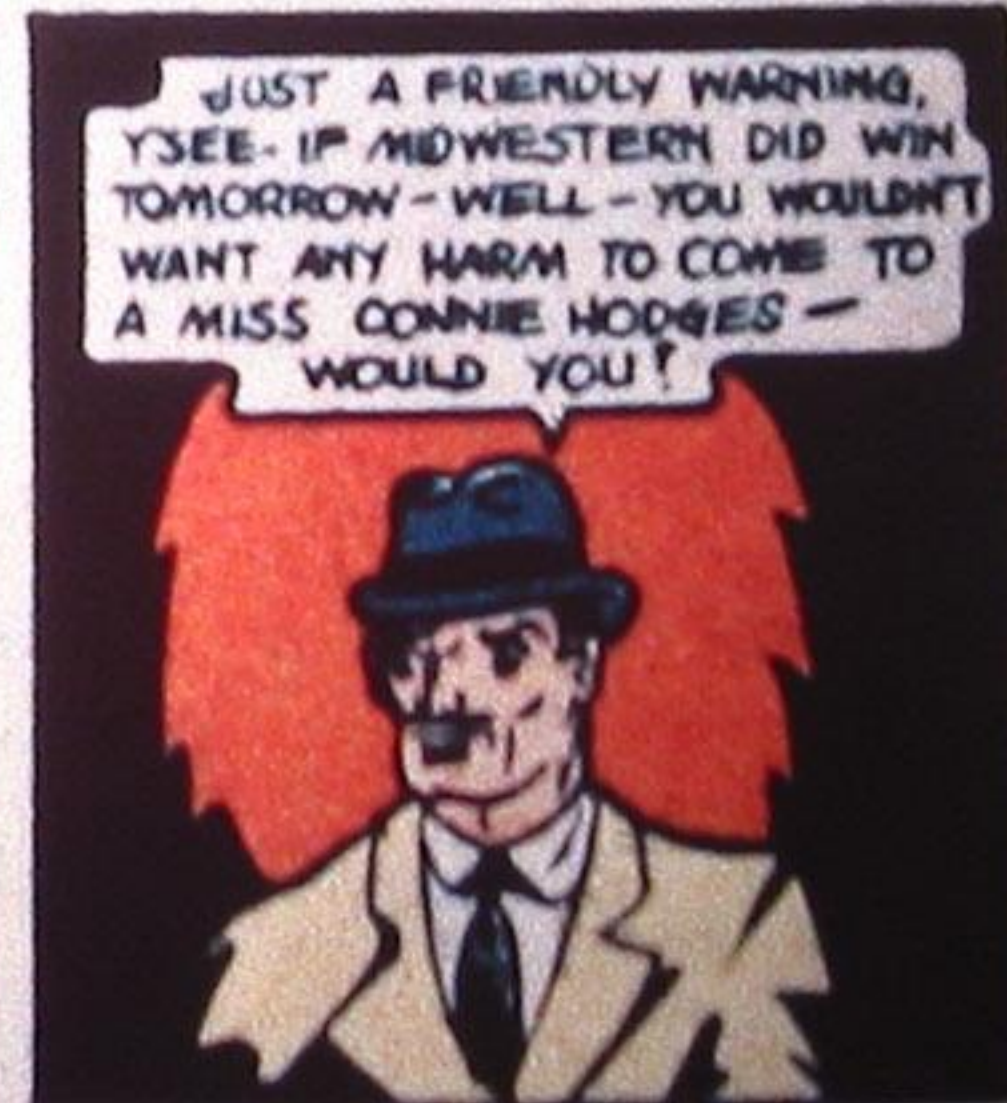
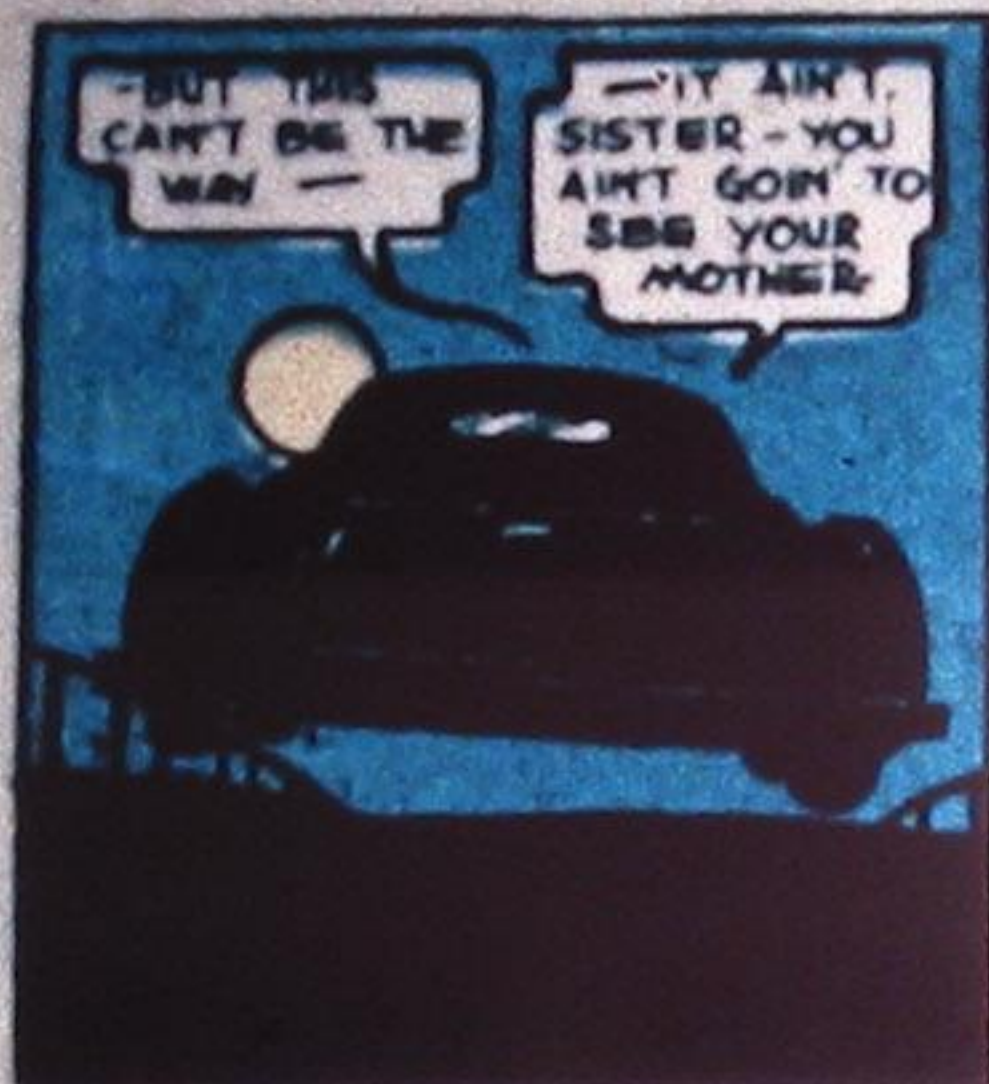
SOUNDS GREAT,
NICK—BUT WITH
FOSTER GOING
GREAT GUNS AND
WESTERN
CAN'T
LOSE.

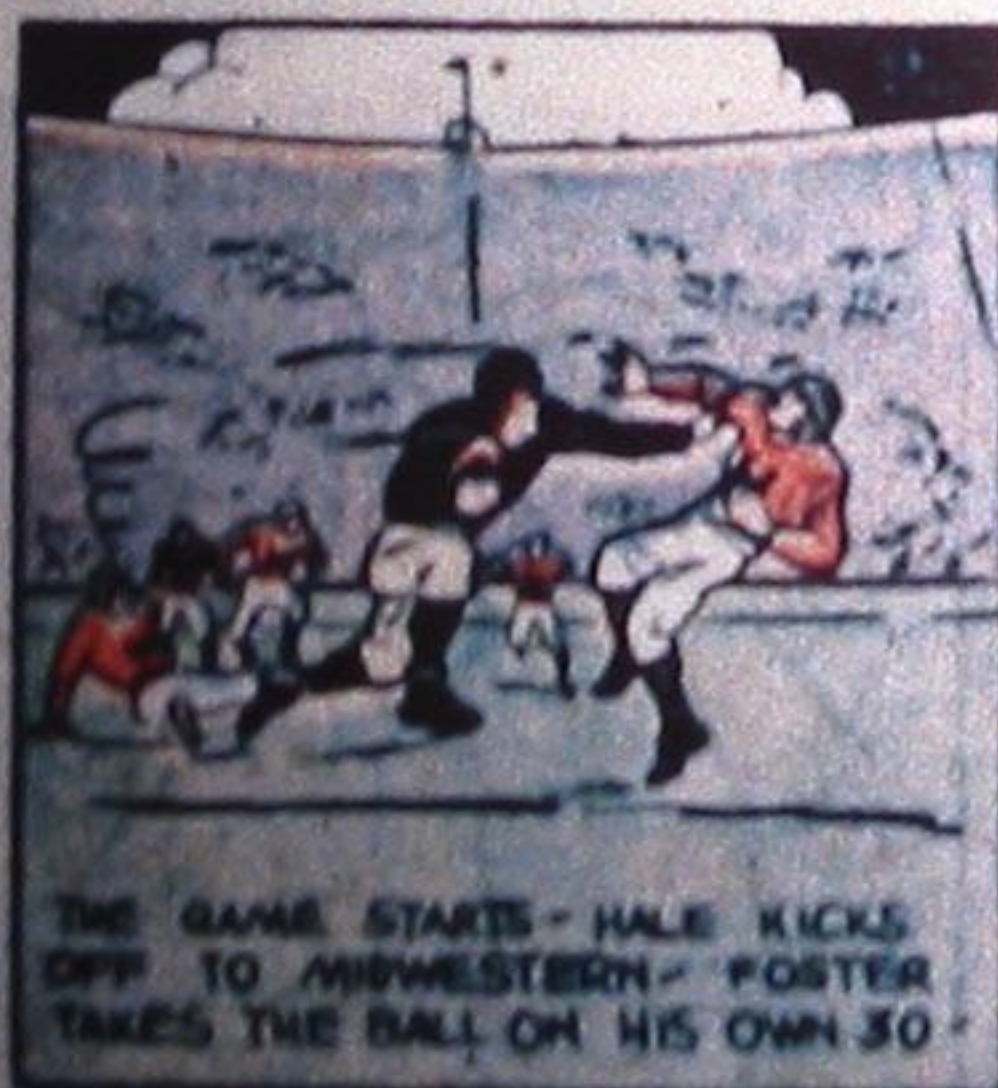


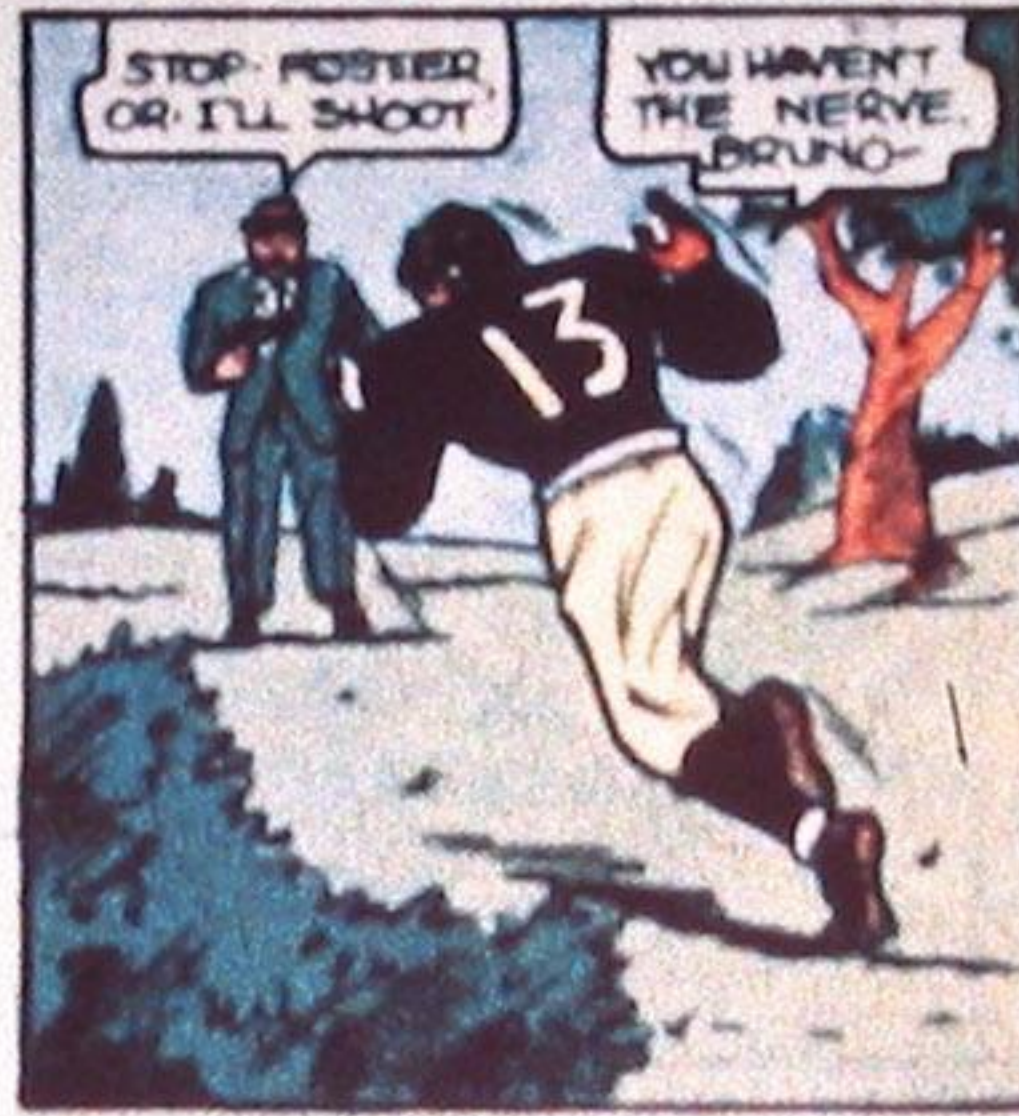
THAT'S JUST IT - BUT WITHOUT
FLASH IN THE LINEUP, MIDWESTERNS
JUST ANOTHER FOOTBALL TEAM -
BUT - FOSTER'S GOT ONE WEAK-
NESS - TAKE A PEEK AT
THIS NEWSPAPER CLIPPING!

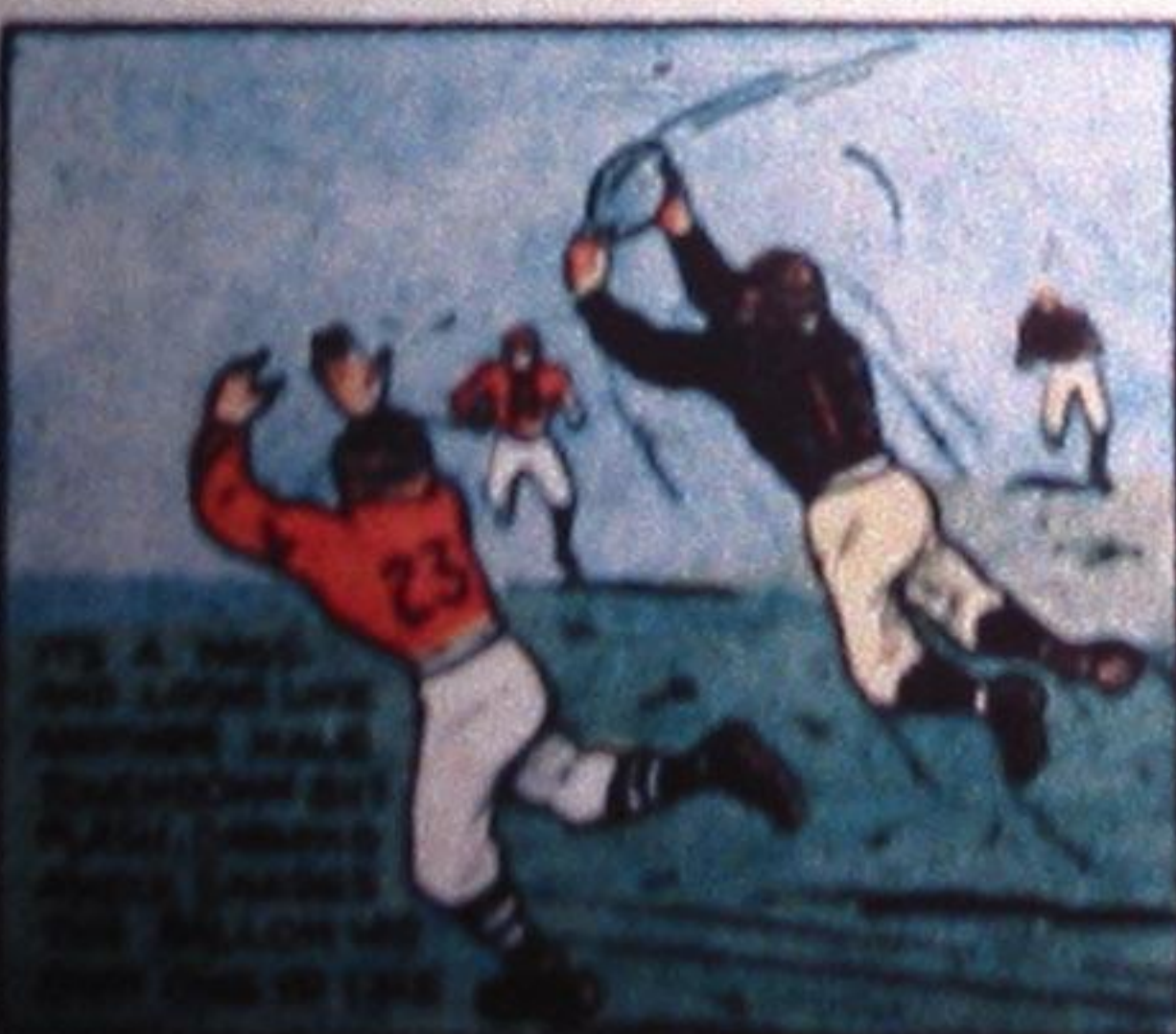
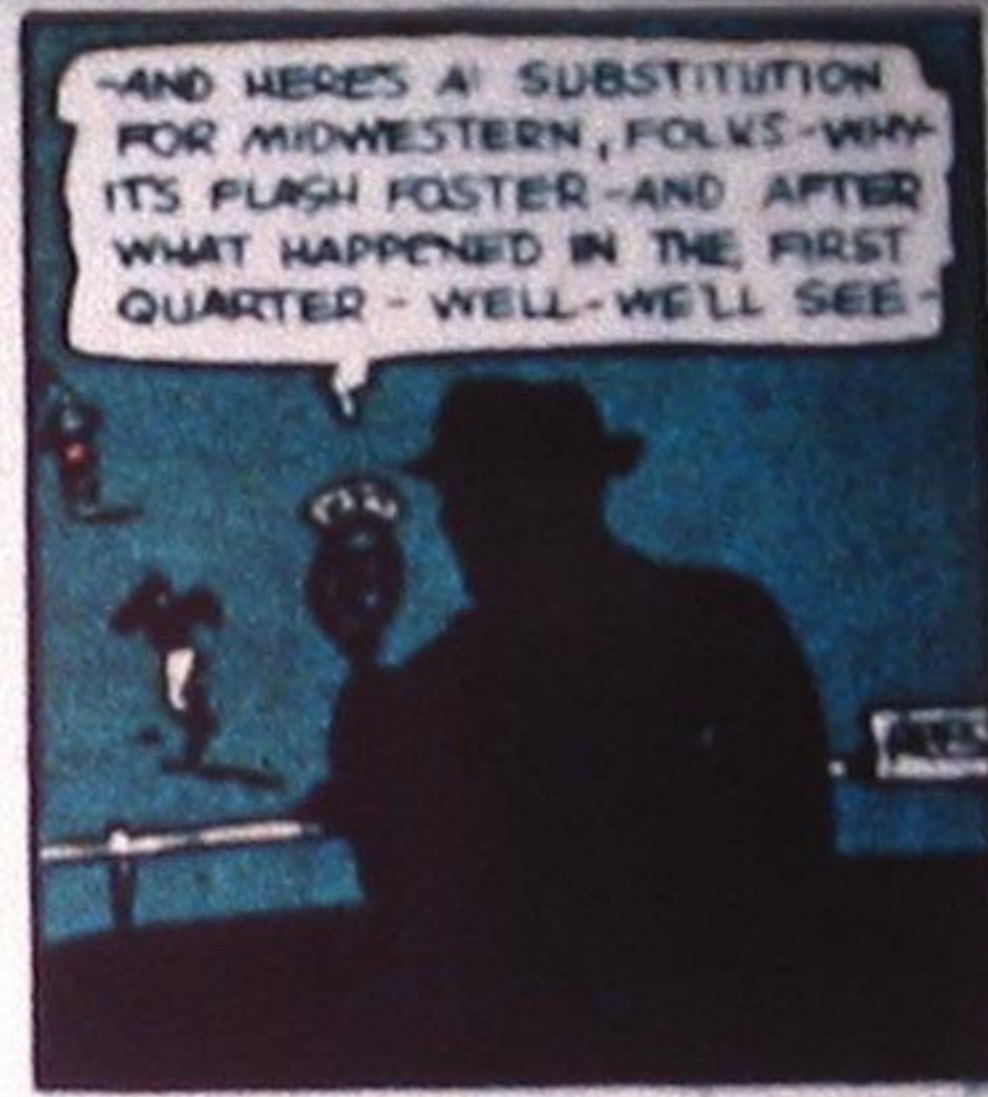
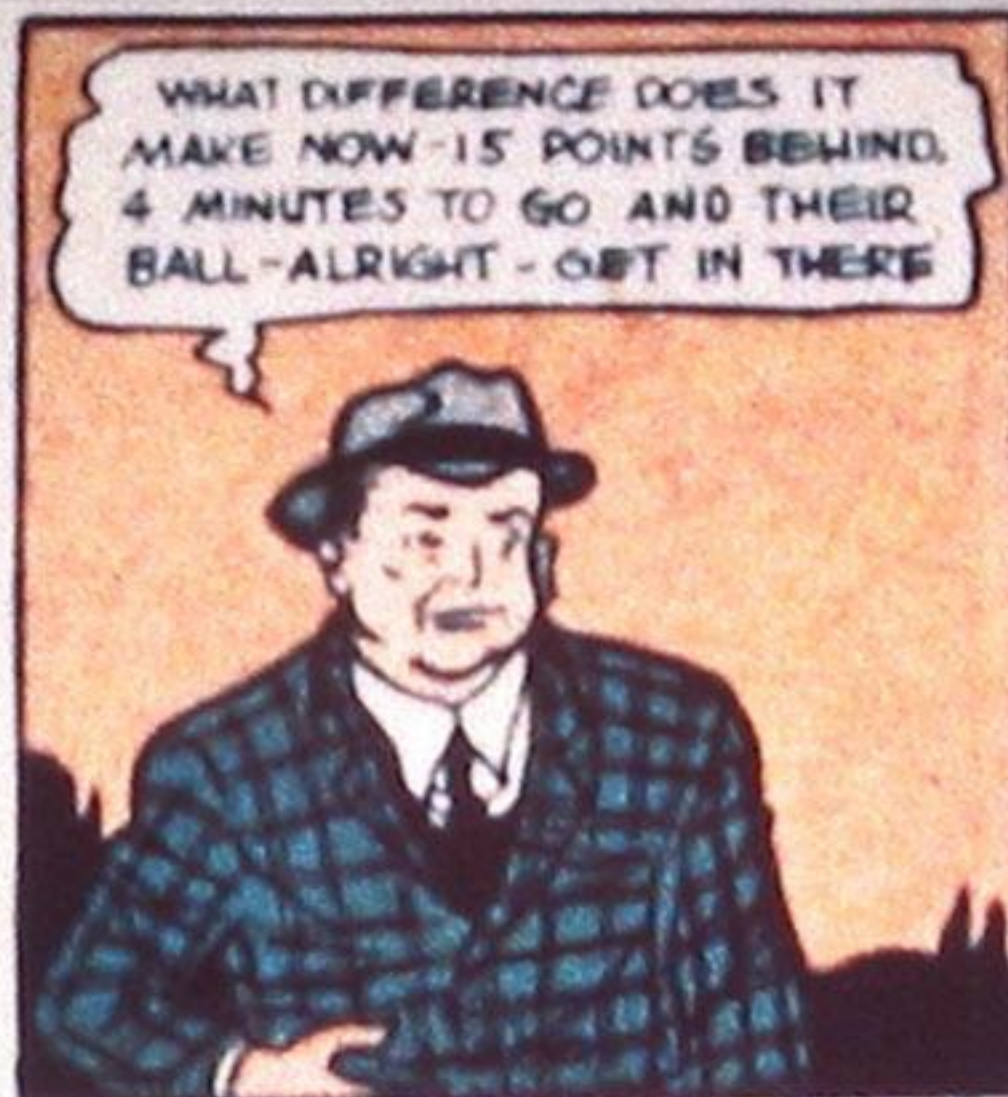


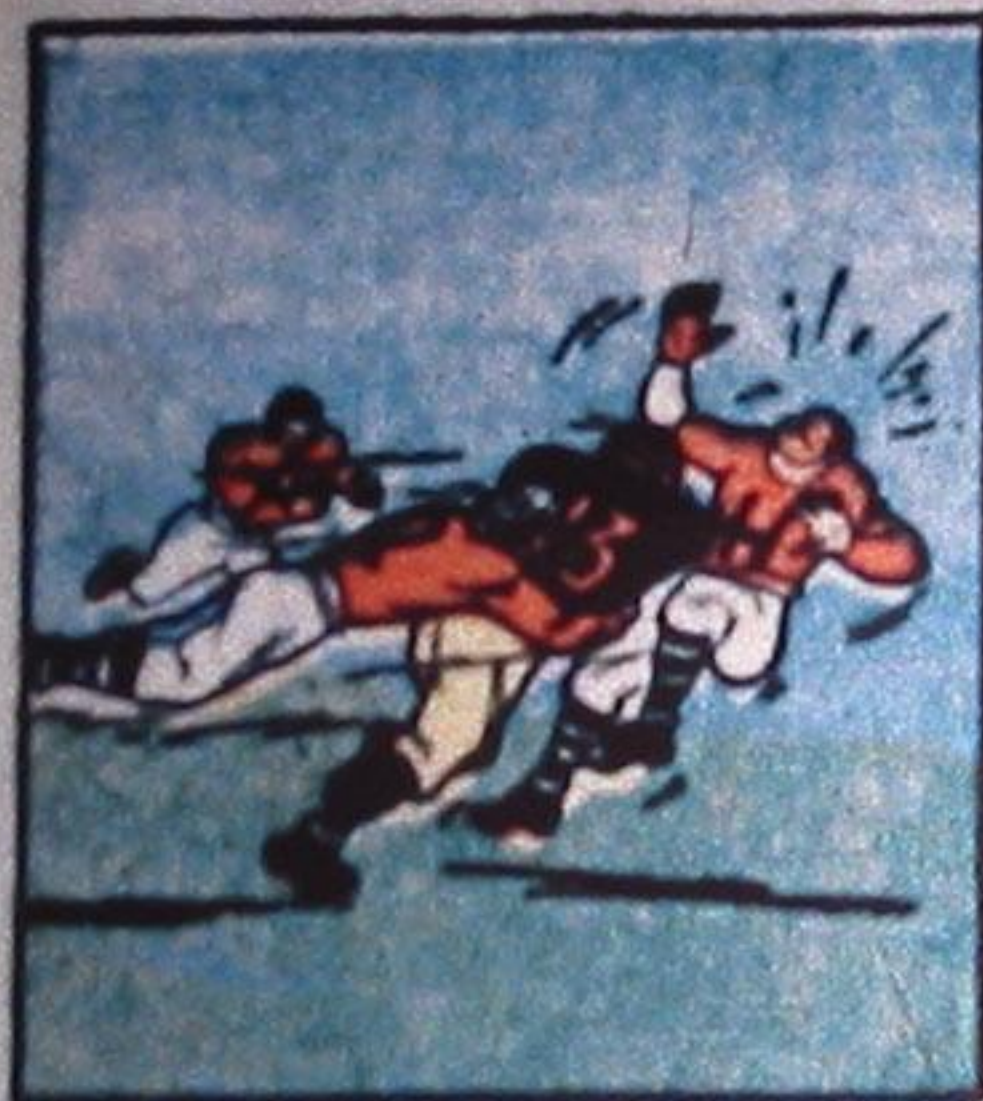












HE CONTINUES ON, AND FINALLY
GOES OVER FOR A TOUCHDOWN



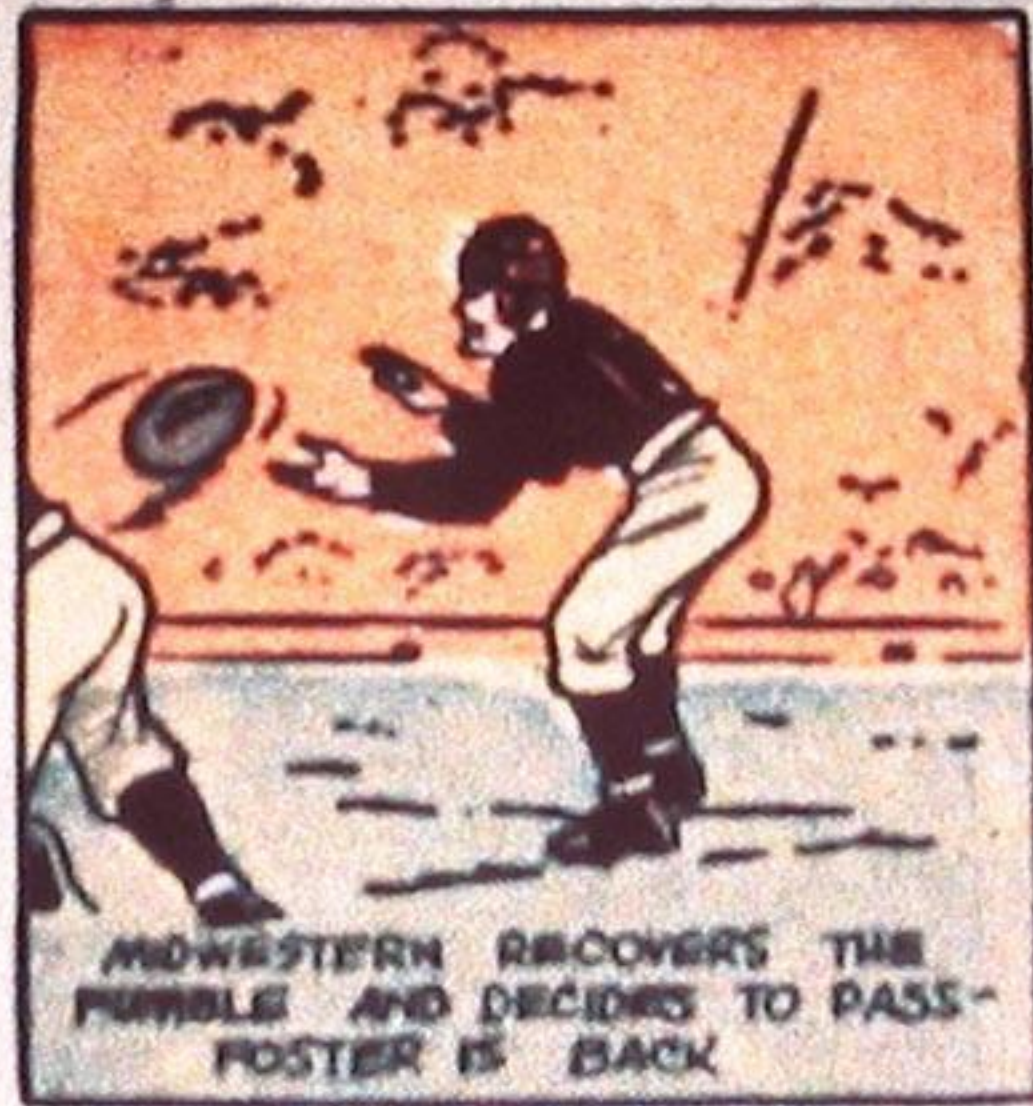
THE SCORE
IS NOW
21 - 15, BUT
THINGS STILL
LOOK VERY
BAD FOR
MIDWESTERN
WITH JUST
TWO MINUTES
TO GO -



HALE'S
QUARTERBACK
RECEIVES THE
KICKOFF AND
STARTS DOWN
THE FIELD -

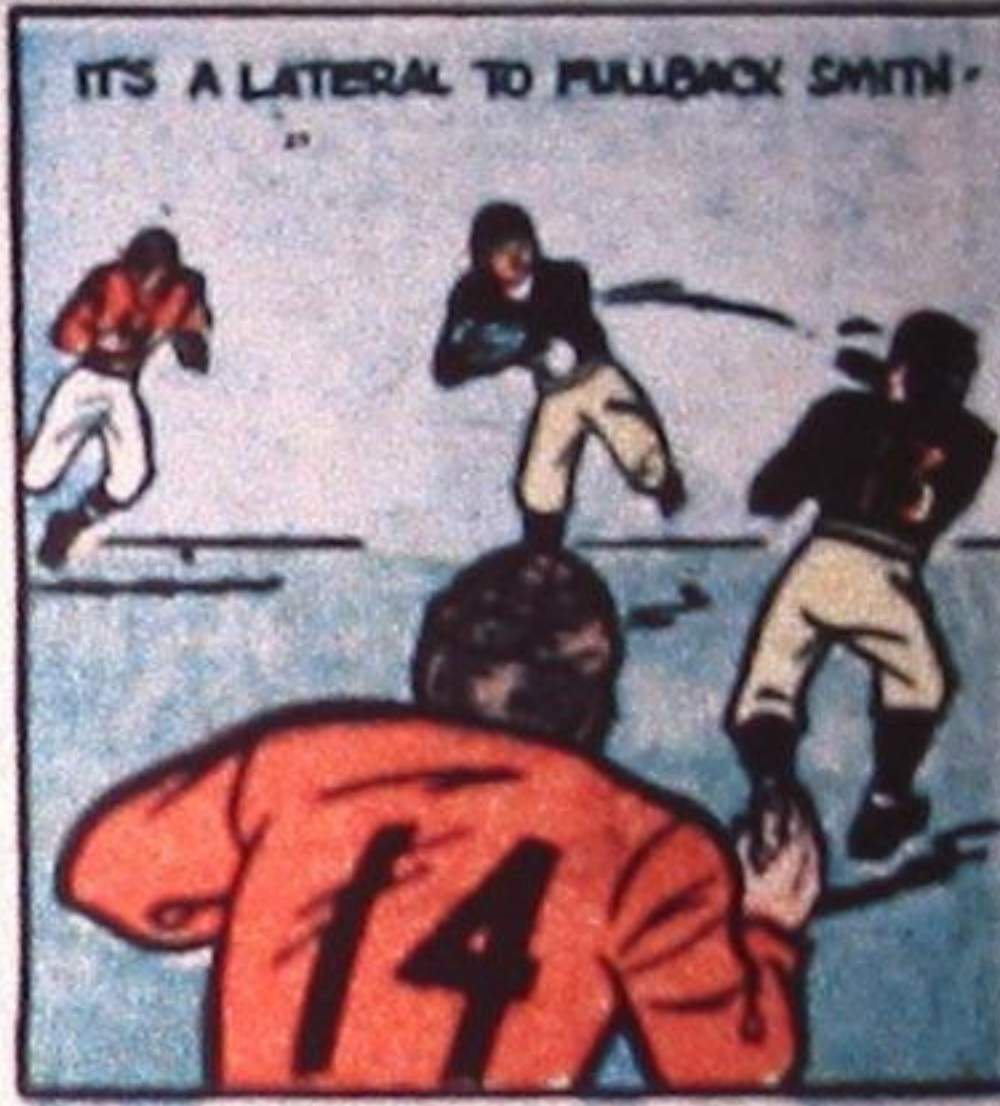


- HE BREAKS AWAY BEHIND PERFECT INTERFERENCE,
AND NOW IT'S JUST POSTER BETWEEN HIM AND
A TOUCHDOWN -

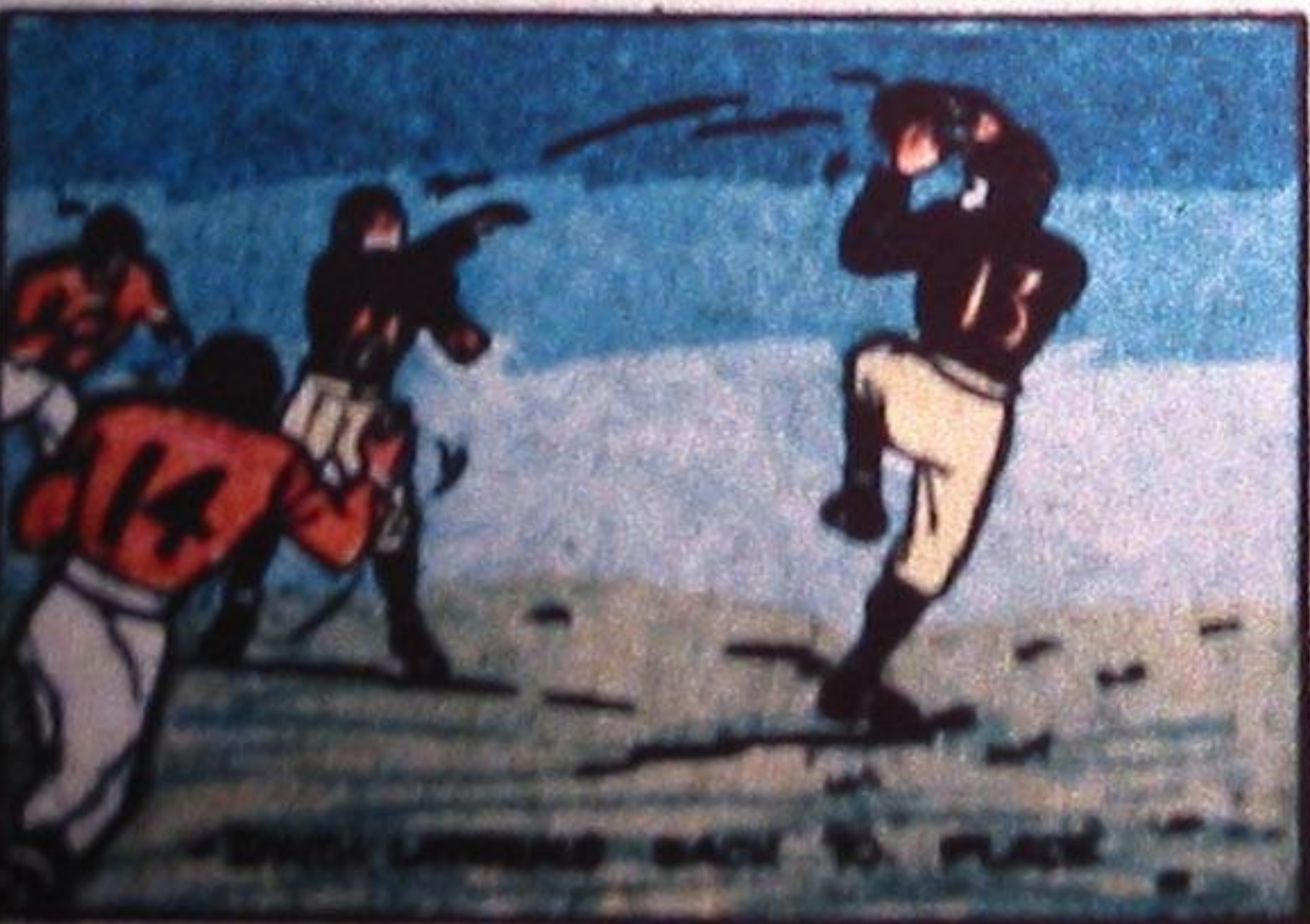


FLASH HITS HIS MAN HARD -

MIDWESTERN RECOVERS THE
FUMBLE AND DECIDES TO PASS -
FOSTER IS BACK



IT'S A LATERAL TO FULLBACK SMITH -



- WHO PAGES BACK TO HIS
OWN 20 YARD LINE -

PHANTOM

OF THE UNDERWORLD



DETECTIVE DENTON IS CALLED "DOC" BY HIS FELLOW POLICE OFFICERS BECAUSE HE IS ALSO A MASTER SURGEON. HE IS CALLED IN BY HIS FRIEND, INSPECTOR FLYNN, TO HELP HIM SOLVE THE

CASE OF PERRONE

by
MAURICE GUTWIRTH



THIS SAWBONES SURE IS DOIN' A GOOD JOB ON OUR BOSS!

YEAH, HE COULD COME PRETTY HANDY IN OUR GANG!

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.



IT SEEMS TO ME, "DOC," YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A TOUGH JOB. PERRONE'S LEAVING THE HOSPITAL.

I KNOW, CHIEF. I WISH THE DOCTOR'S HAND HAD SLIPPED.



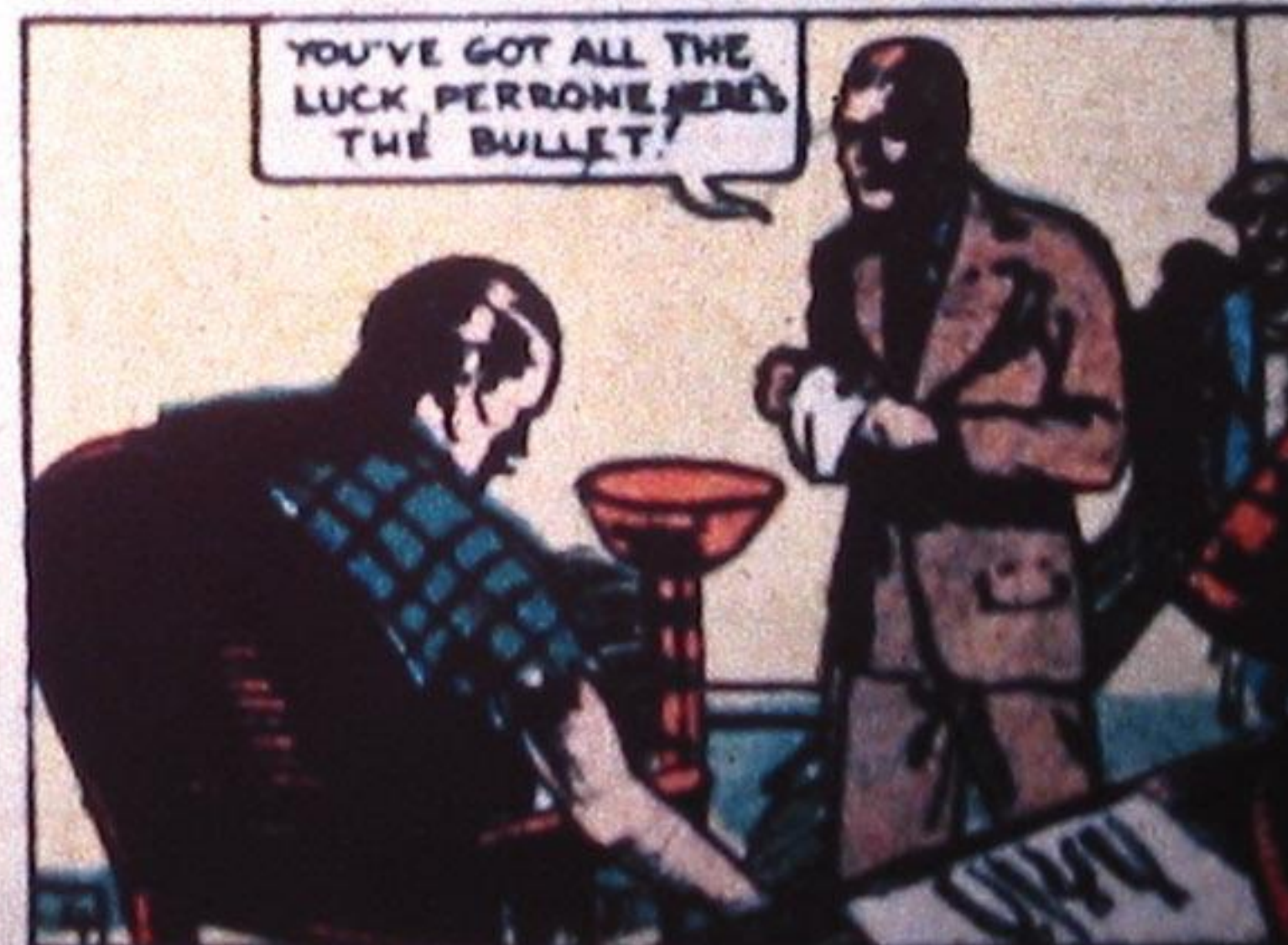
I'M GOING TO PREPARE THE GROUND FOR THE BATTLE. I'LL VISIT THE DOCTOR FIRST!



SO YOU SEE, DOCTOR, I'LL HAVE TO TAKE OVER YOUR OFFICE FOR A WHILE TO GET PERRONE'S GANG!







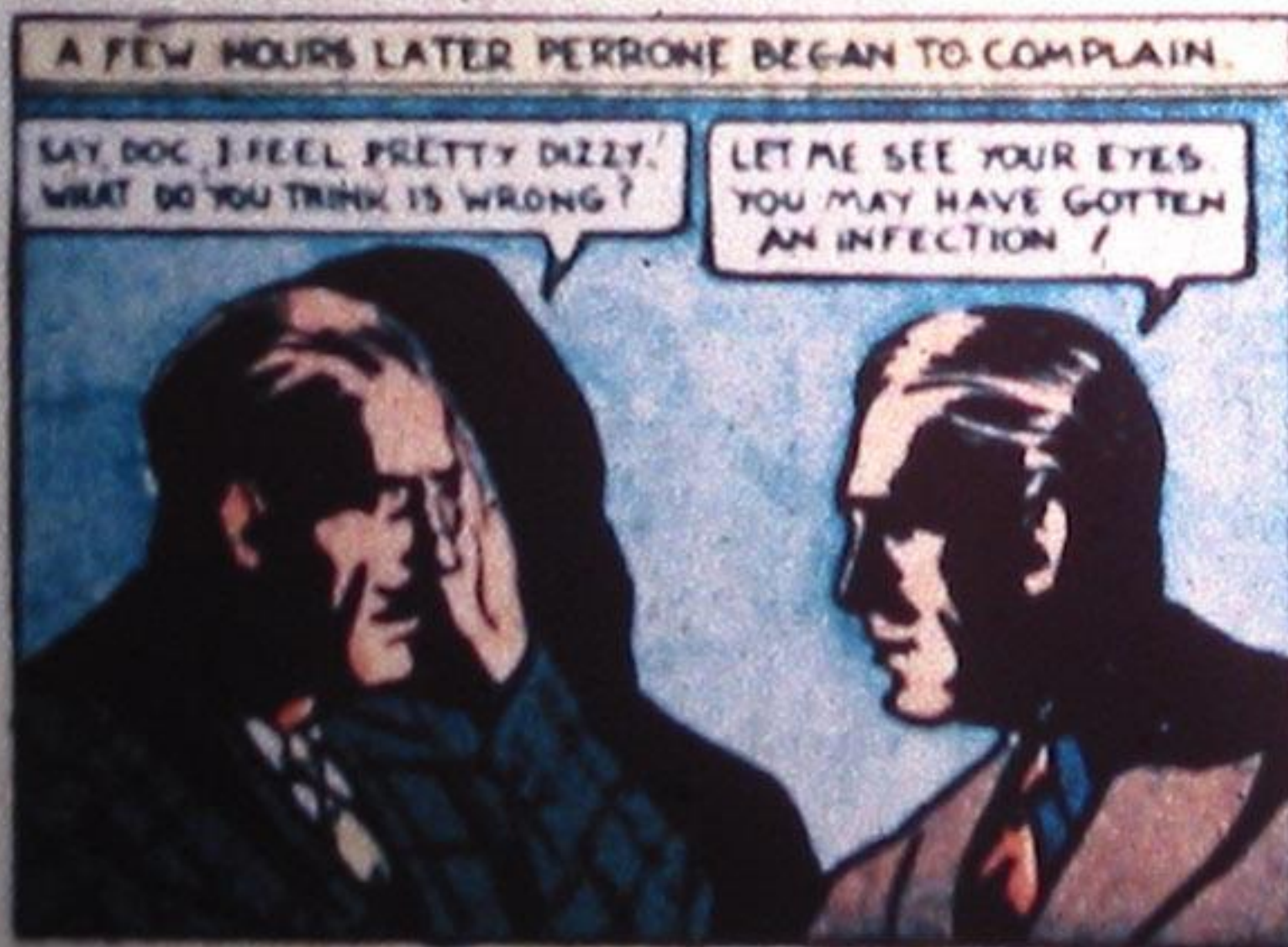


OKAY, DOC. THANKS. YOU'RE NOT LEAVIN' THIS HOUSE THOUGH I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES.

WHAT? ER ALL RIGHT.



MAYBE IT'S NOT A BAD IDEA. I'LL BE ABLE TO FIND OUT A LOT ABOUT THEIR OPERATIONS.



A FEW HOURS LATER PERRONE BEGAN TO COMPLAIN.

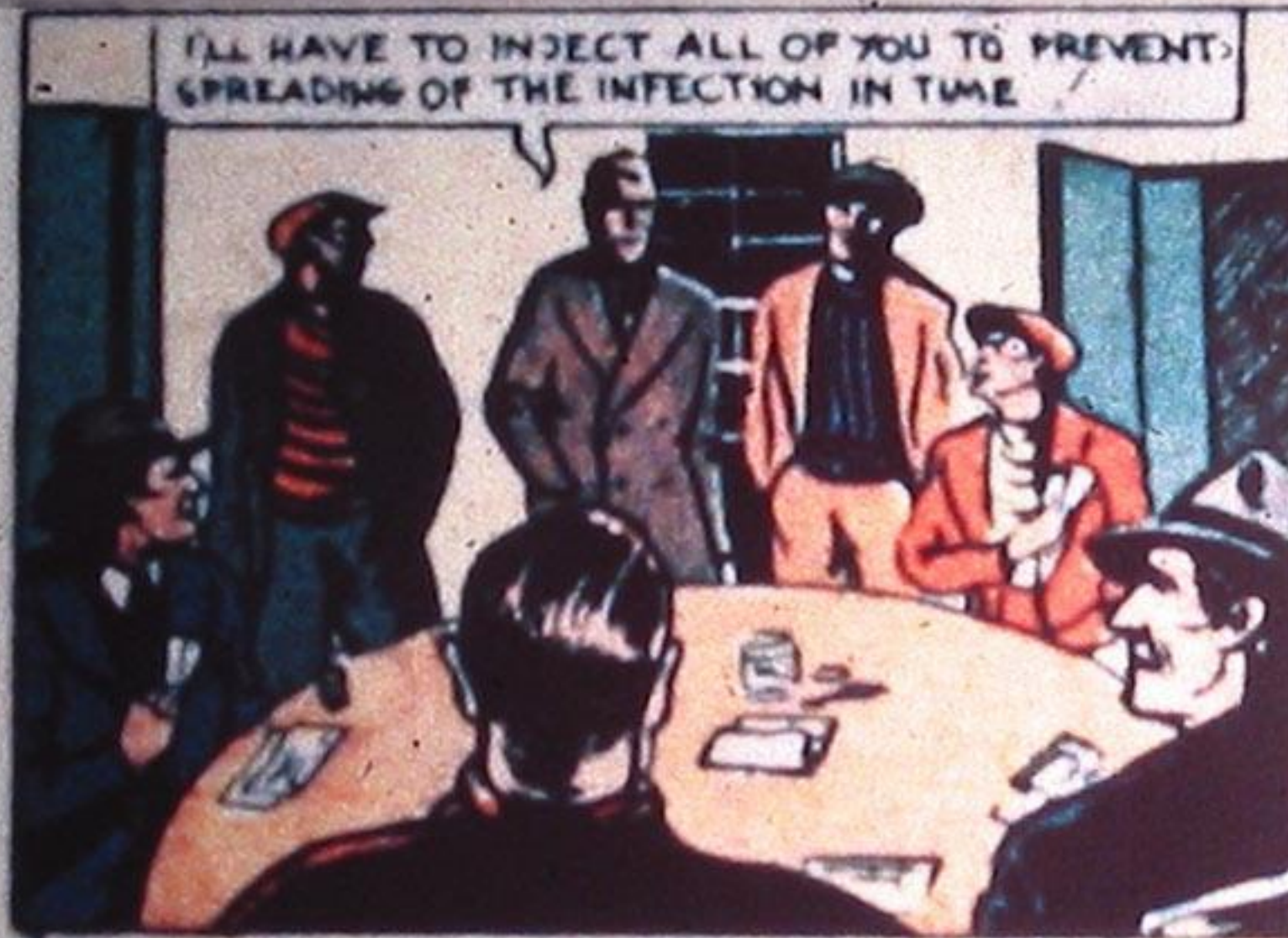
SAY, DOC, I FEEL PRETTY DIZZY. WHAT DO YOU THINK IS WRONG?

LET ME SEE YOUR EYES. YOU MAY HAVE GOTTEN AN INFECTION.



I WAS RIGHT PERRONE. IT'S A CONTAGIOUS INFECTION. YOU MAY LOOSE YOUR EYESIGHT.

YOU'RE NOT KIDDIN', DOC! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

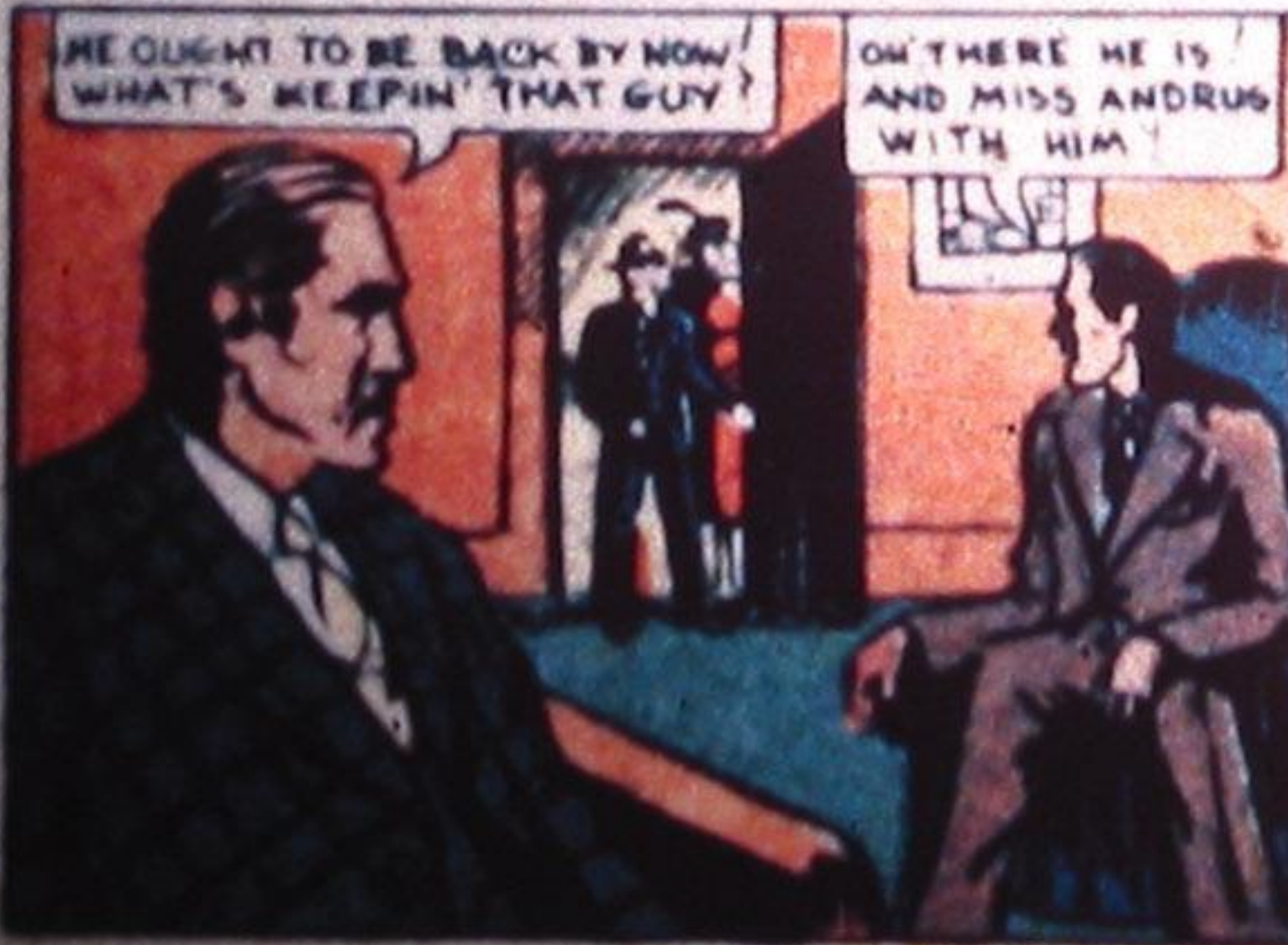


I'LL HAVE TO INJECT ALL OF YOU TO PREVENT SPREADING OF THE INFECTION IN TIME.



I'M SENDING THIS MAN TO MISS ANDRUS. SHE'LL PREPARE THE ANTITOXIN.

OKAY, MAC! GET GOIN' AN' DON'T WASTE ANY TIME.



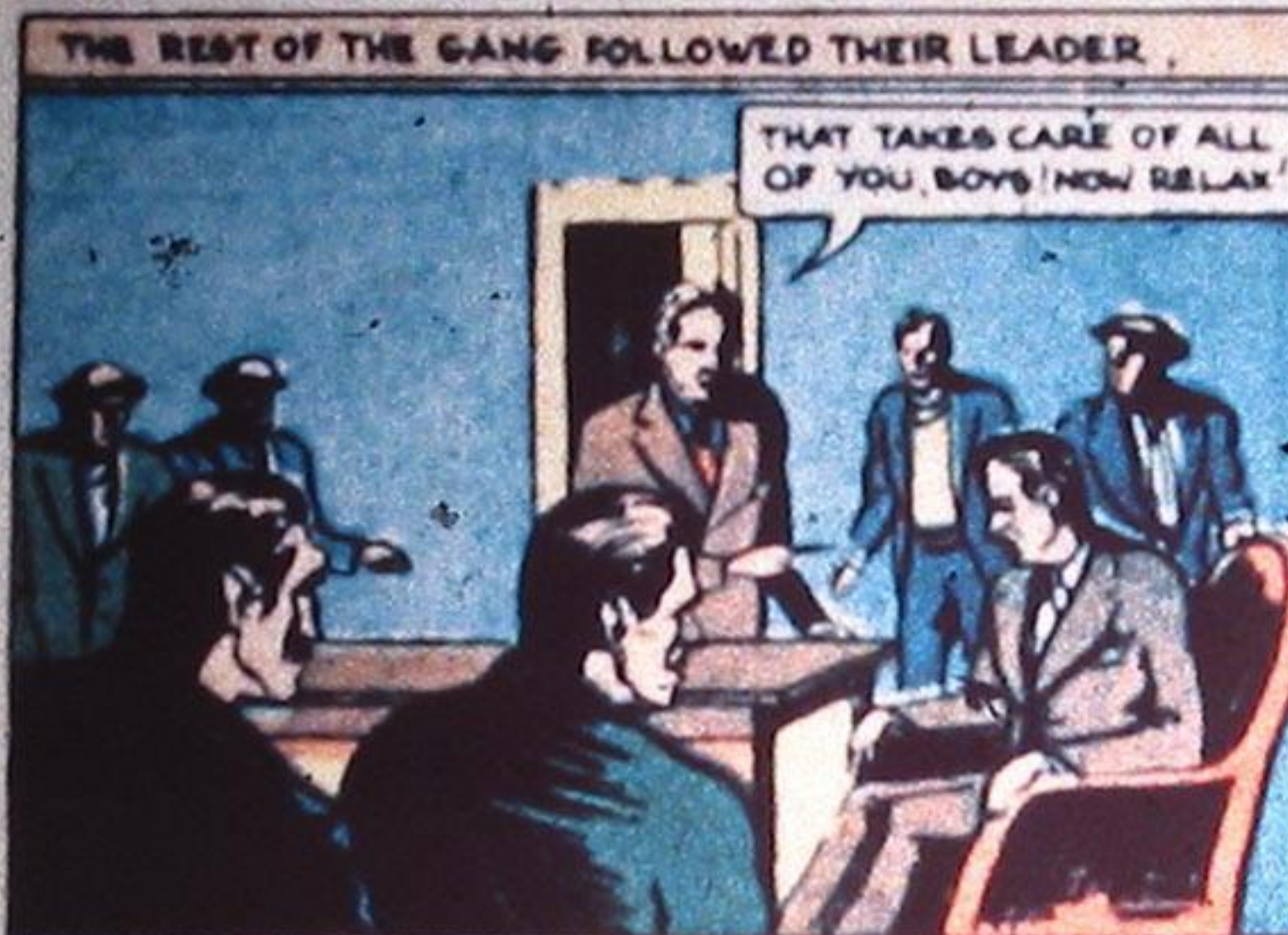
HE OUGHT TO BE BACK BY NOW. WHAT'S KEEPIN' THAT GUY?

OH THERE HE IS AND MISS ANDRUS WITH HIM.



I BROUGHT IT MYSELF. I WANT TO HELP, DOC.

YOU SHOULD HAVE COME.



AT LAST "DOC" MANAGED TO GET TO THE PHONE

THAT'S ALL CAPTAIN! YOU KNOW THE DIRECTIONS. YOU BETTER HURRY I CAN'T HOLD THEM. I HAVEN'T GOT A GUN!

I'VE GOT TO GET PERRONE MYSELF AND ALIVE! I'LL USE MY PIPE AS A GUN!

ALL RIGHT BOYS! YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN! SCRAM!

NOT SO FAST, PERRONE! I'VE GOT YOU COVERED. DROP THOSE GUNS!

HANDS UP YOU MUGS! YOU WON'T GET AWAY THIS TIME!

THEY LOOK TO ME AS IF THEY WERE BLIND!

NOW THAT PERRONE IS LOCKED UP FOR GOOD, TELL ME HOW YOU MANAGED TO BLIND HIM AND HIS GANG!

I LOOKED UP DOCTOR STEWART'S PRESCRIPTION BOOK AND MISS ANDRUS PREPARED THE SOLUTION FOR TEMPORARY BLINDNESS. NICE TRICK, EH, CAPTAIN?

NOW LET ME TAKE YOU TO THE HOSPITAL, MISS ANDRUS.

I DON'T NEED A HOSPITAL, DR. DENTON. I'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A FEW HOURS.

FEW HOURS LATER MISS ANDRUS REGAINED HER VISION

I WANT TO THANK YOU, MISS ANDRUS, FOR YOUR HELP.

IF YOU SHOULD NEED ME I'LL BE GLAD TO HELP.

IT LOOKS TO ME THAT MY NEXT JOB WILL BE VERY PLEASANT.

7
ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE WITH "DOC" DENTON WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

Wartime WONDERS



CANNON FIRED FROM AIRPLANES IS HAILED AS MODERN—YET IT WAS TRIED OUT IN THE WORLD WAR!

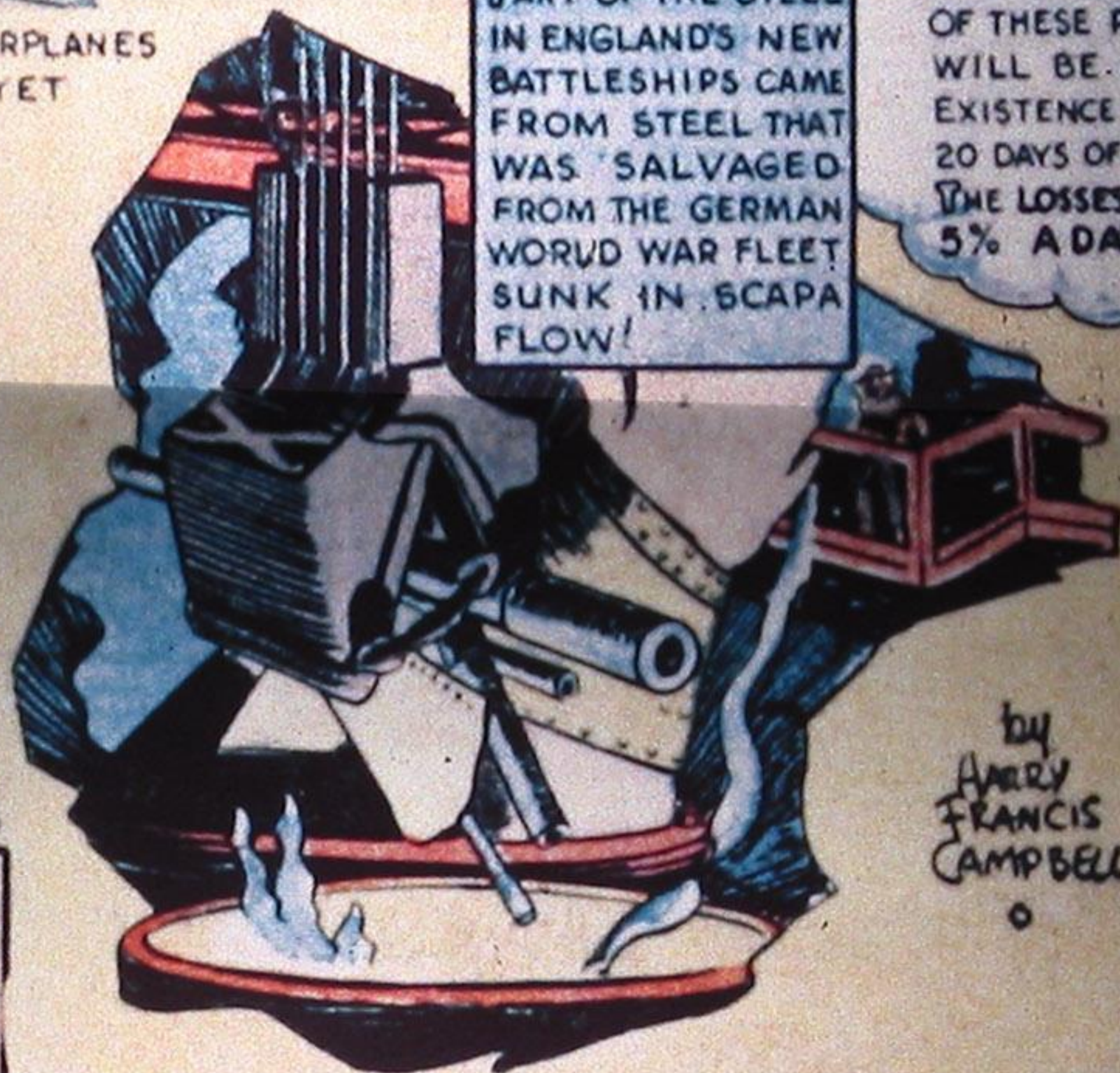


ACCORDING TO STATISTICS, NONE OF THESE PLANES WILL BE IN EXISTENCE AFTER 20 DAYS OF WAR! THE LOSSES ARE 5% A DAY!

PART OF THE STEEL IN ENGLAND'S NEW BATTLESHIPS CAME FROM STEEL THAT WAS SALVAGED FROM THE GERMAN WORLD WAR FLEET SUNK IN SCAPA FLOW!

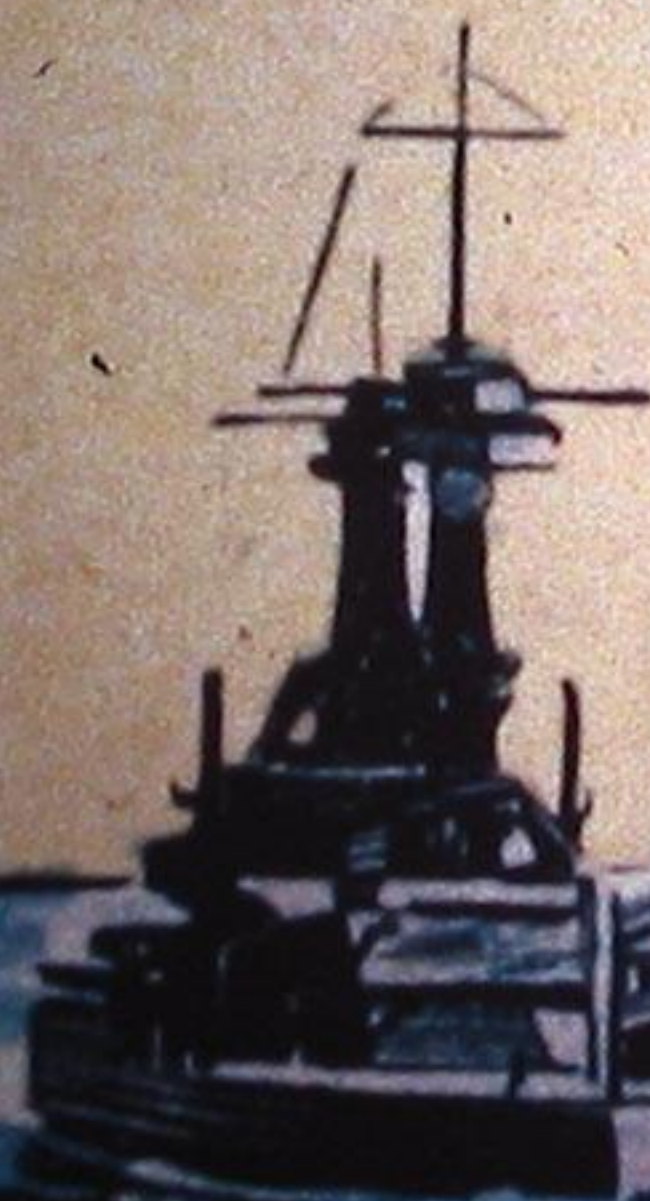


DURING THE WORLD WAR A PILOT WAS THROWN FROM HIS PLANE, YET FELL BACK INTO IT AND LANDED!



by
HARRY
FRANCIS
CAMPBELL
o

A BROADSIDE FIRED FROM A BATTLESHIP PUSHES IT SIDeways AS MUCH AS 3 FEET!



ONE OF THE WAR'S NEW "MYSTERY WEAPONS" IS AN EXPLOSIVE MANY TIMES AS POWERFUL AS TNT. IT IS MADE FROM AIR AND WOOD!

BARNEY MULLEN SEA ROVER



BY CHAS. PEARSON

BARNEY MULLEN IS IN LISBON, PORTUGAL LOOKING AROUND FOR A CARGO FOR HIS SHIP...

SENOR MULLEN, WE HAVE A SHIPMENT OF GOLD FILIGREE THAT MUST REACH ROTTERDAM... SINCE ROTTERDAM IS IN THE WAR ZONE IT MAY BE DANGEROUS.



IT SOUNDS INTERESTING!

OF COURSE YOU REALIZE EACH FACTION IN THIS WAR WILL TRY TO SINK OR CAPTURE YOUR SHIP FOR FEAR YOU'RE CARRYING SUPPLIES TO THE OTHER...



BARNEY ACCEPTS AND GOES ABOUT GATHERING A CREW...

JOE GONZAGEZ, ABLE BODIED SEAMAN...



SINCE YOUR CARGO OF GOLD FILIGREE TAKES UP SUCH A SMALL SPACE I MUST FILL MY SHIP WITH SAND AS BALLAST...



WELL GOOD BY AND GOOD LUCK... I HOPE NEXT TO HEAR OF YOU IN ROTTERDAM...



BUT WHILE THE SHIP IS GETTING UP STEAM A SHIFTY EYED STRANGER IS SPYING ON THEM FROM BEHIND A PACKING CASE...



AND SO IN THE DARKNESS OF NIGHT THE SHIP
SAILS OUT TOWARD THE OPEN SEA...



WHILE BACK IN LISBON THE SPY IS SPEAKING
INTO A MICROPHONE...

"SMALL FREIGHTER... LOADED BAGS IN THE HOLD...
MUST HAVE BEEN GRAIN... HAVE CRUISER INTERCEPT
HER OFF CAPE FINISTERRO..."



AND SO ONE DAY OUT THEY ARE APPROACHED
BY AN ARMORED CRUISER...



THEY'RE SIGNALLING US TO STOP...
WELL THERE'S A FOG ROLLING
IN... I THINK WE MIGHT RUN
FOR IT!



THEY'RE FIRING...
THEY ALMOST HAVE
OUR RANGE!

ONE MORE MINUTE AND
WE'LL BE ENVELOPED
IN FOG...



AND BEFORE THE CRUISER HAS THEIR RANGE THEY
ARE COVERED BY A MERCIFUL FOG...



AFTER SEVERAL HOURS

THE FOG IS BEGINNING TO LIFT... I HOPE OUR
CRUISER FRIEND IS MILES AWAY BY NOW...



BUT AS THE FOG LIFTS THERE IS THE CRUISER
LYING RIGHT NEXT TO THEM...



THEY'VE RADIOED US TO
FOLLOW THEM INTO PORT
AND NO FUNNY BUSINESS!

WELL, I GUESS WE
CAN'T HELP
OURSELVES...



AN AIRPLANE FLYING HIGH ABOVE TAKES IN THE SCENE

MANFRED! SEE! AN
ENEMY CRUISER!



THE PLANE DIVES

SO NOW I WILL DROP MY EGGS!



LOOK! THE CRUISER IS BEING BOMBED! MAYBE
WE CAN ESCAPE!



THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS OF THE CRUISER
SWING INTO ACTION...



SHELLS BEGIN BURSTING AROUND THE PLANE



THEY'RE DRIVING THE PLANE AWAY!



OFF AT A SAFE DISTANCE THE RADIO MAN IN THE
PLANE IS TALKING TO SOMEONE...

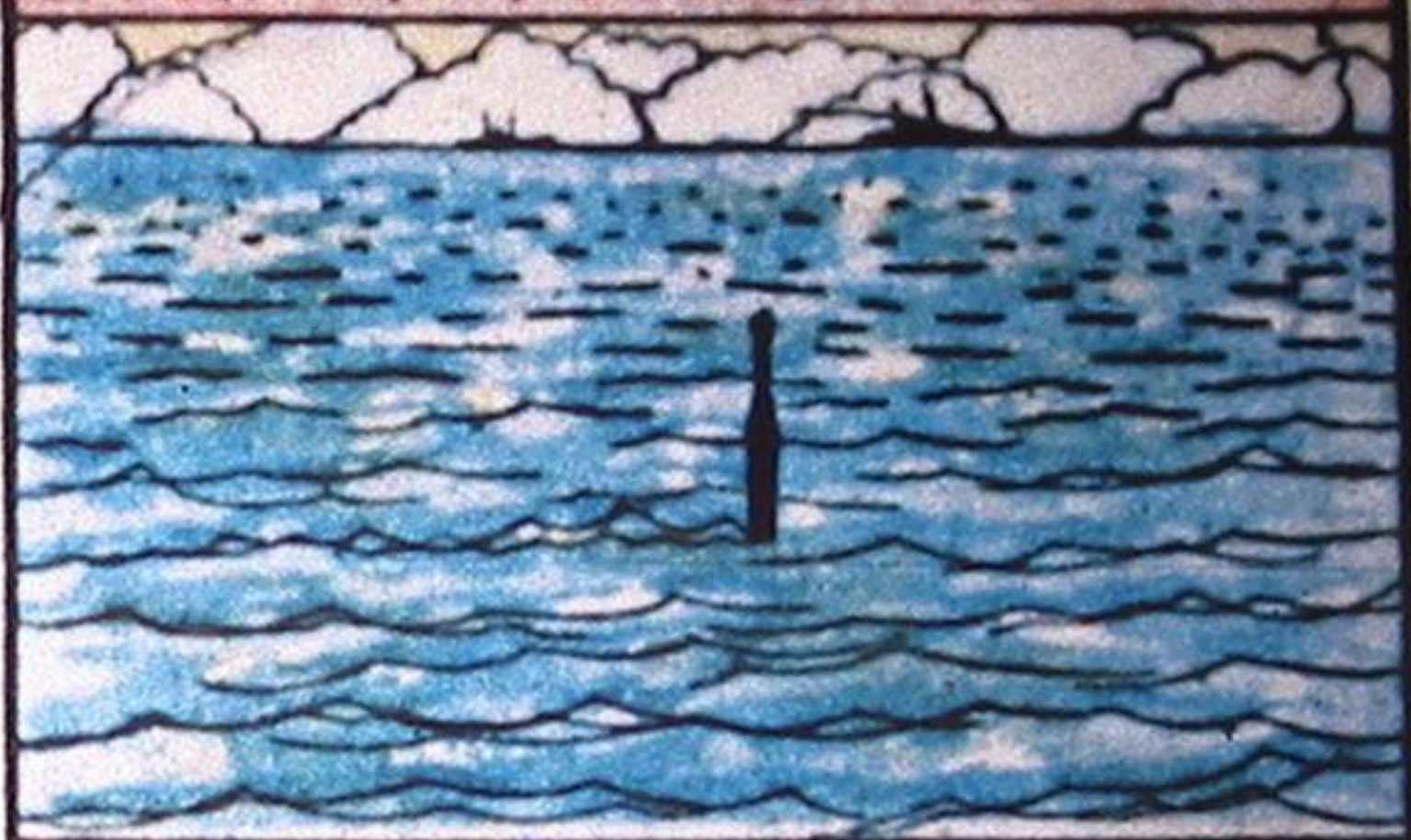
SUBMARINE 5-48... ARMED CRUISER ENTERING
YOUR TERRITORY... BE READY...



WELL, THERE'S THE SHORELINE... IN AN HOUR
OUR LITTLE VOYAGE WILL BE ENDED... WE
FAILED TO DELIVER OUR CARGO...



UNNOTICED BY BOTH SHIPS A PERISCOPE, THE EYE
OF A SUBMARINE, IS COMBING THE SEA...



ACH!, COME QUICKLY, ERIC, LOOK AT
THE BEAUTIFUL SCENERY!



TUBE ONE, FIRE! TUBE TWO, FIRE!
THREE, FIRE! FOUR, FIRE!



AS THE TORPEDOES STRIKE WITH DEADLY ACCURACY
THE CRUISER IS TORN ASUNDER...



TORPEDOED!...SINKING SO FAST NO ONE
CAN GET OFF...



NOW FOR DESERT THERE'S A LITTLE FREIGHTER...
JUST ONE TORPEDO...



THE TORPEDO EXPLODES IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SHIP



NO DAMAGE DONE...
ALL THAT SAND IN
THE HOLD!

ALRIGHT, THEN FULL SPEED
AHEAD...LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE!



WAIT! WHAT'S THAT NOISE ON THE DECK?



AN ANGRY GROUP OF SAILORS APPROACH THEM

THIS TRIP IS TOO
DANGEROUS!

PUT INTO THE
NEXT PORT!



NOW LISTEN HERE! YOU MEN SIGNED TO GO TO
ROTTERDAM...AND THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE
GOING!



THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK!



A BRAWL FOLLOWS BETWEEN BARNEY AND THE
LOYAL SEAMEN AGAINST THE MUTINEERS



-WITH THE MUTINEERS BEING DEFEATED-



PUT THOSE DOUBLE-CROSSERS IN THE BRIG AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE...

CAPTAIN, SOME OF OUR BOYS ARE HURT... WE'LL HAVE TO PUT INTO ONE OF THE CHANNEL PORTS FOR A DOCTOR...



THEY HEAD INTO THE NEXT HARBOR... A SMALL FISHING VILLAGE



THE MEN ARE TREATED BY THE DOCTOR

THEY WILL BE ALRIGHT UNTIL YOU REACH ROTTERDAM, M'SIEUR LE CAPITAINE... HAVE NO FEAR...

THANKS, DOC...



TWO OFFICIALS FROM THE TOWN BOARD THE SHIP
AH, CAPITAINE, WE MUST SEE YOUR SAILING PAPERS



YOUR CARGO IS GOLD FILIGREE? GOLD? AHEN, WE MUST DETAIN YOU... YOU HAVE ENTERED THIS HARBOR WITHOUT PERMISSION FROM OUR GOVERNMENT!



BUT WE HAD TO COME IN FOR A DOCTOR!

AH, MON CAPITAINE, FOR A CONSIDERATION THINGS MIGHT BE ARRANGED...



LET'S GO ON DECK AND TALK THIS BUSINESS OVER... ER, DO YOU GENTLEMEN SWIM?

YES... TO BE SURE



WELL I'M GLAD TO KNOW YOU CAN SWIM...



IT COMES IN HANDY... DOESN'T IT?



BARNEY HEADS OUT OF THE HARBOR WITH THE TURBINES REVOLVING AT TOP SPEED

ANYHOW, IT WAS A GOOD IDEA!

BAH, ANY IDEA WHICH END WITH US BEING THROWN IN THE SEA IS NOT A GOOD IDEA!



THE LITTLE SHIP LURCHES FORWARD GROANING AND STRAINING UNDER THE TERRIFIC STEAM PRESSURE



WE'RE THROUGH THE STRAITS OF DOVER... OFF THERE IS ROTTERDAM... I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D MAKE IT!



JUST THEN A MIGHTY EXPLOSION DISEMBOWELS THE SHIP



THE STEAM PRESSURE... THE BOILERS BLEW UP... WE'RE SINKING FAST...

ALRIGHT, TO THE LIFE BOATS!



THE LIFEBOATS ARE MET IN ROTTERDAM HARBOR BY AN AGENT OF THE SHIPPING COMPANY

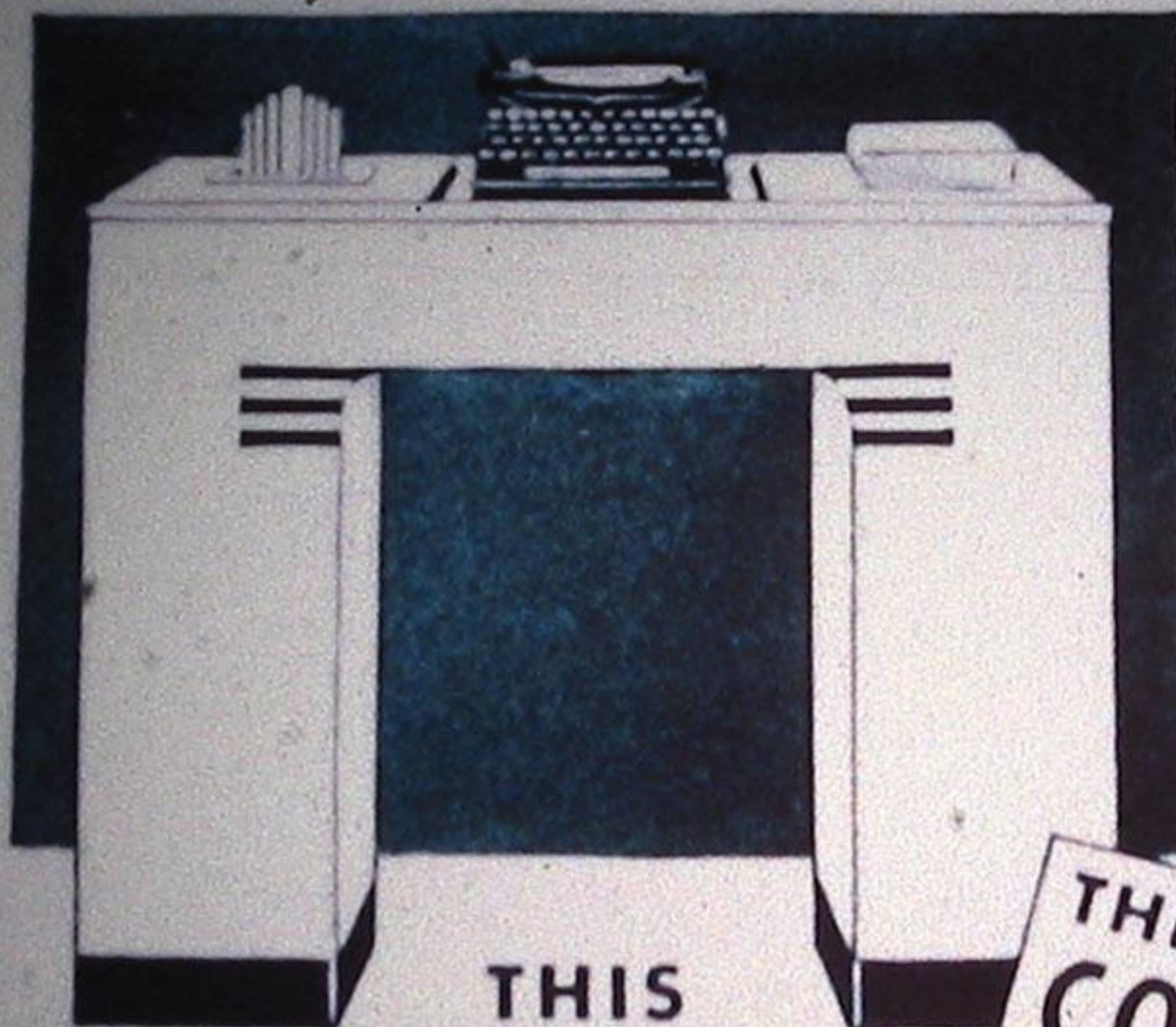
OH WHAT A CATASTROPHE!... TO BE ALMOST IN PORT AND THEN LOSE SUCH A VALUABLE CARGO!



CALM YOURSELF, WILLIE SOURPUSS... BACK IN LISBON FIGURED SOMETHING MIGHT HAPPEN SO I STOWED YOUR PRECIOUS CARGO IN THE LIFE BOATS... EVERY BIT OF IS SAFE... AND CONSIDERING WHAT YOU'RE PAYING! I DON'T MIND THE LOSS OF MY OLD SHIP!



THE END



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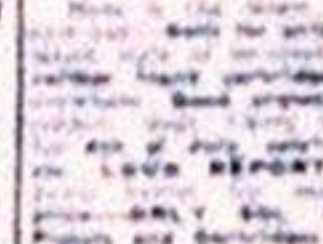
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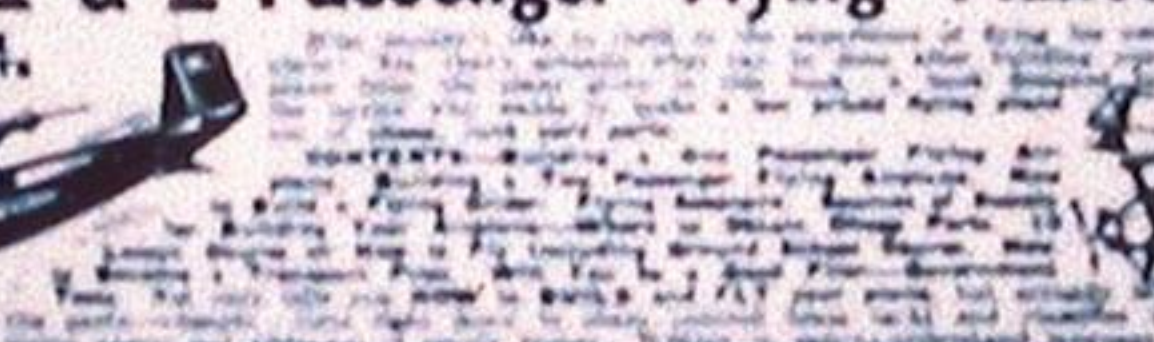


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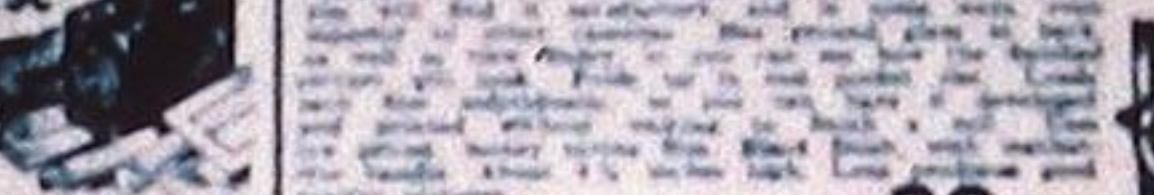
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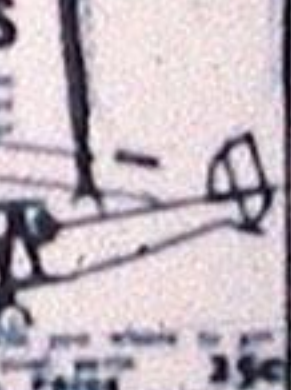
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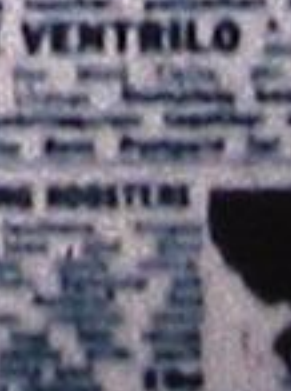
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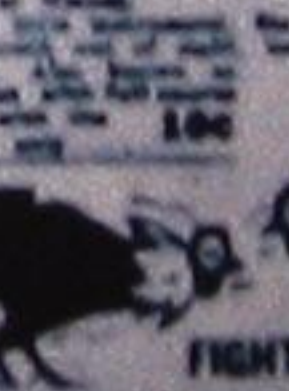
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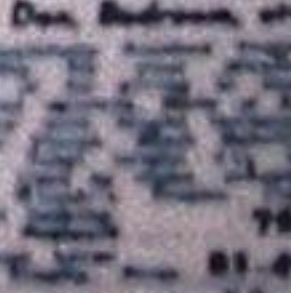
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